

THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

---

NOVEMBER, 1842.

---

CICERO ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

[From the Tusculan Questions.]

[We offer in the present number, — to be completed in a succeeding one, — a new translation of the first of the Tusculan Questions “De contemnenda morte.” It is offered not so much in the character of a translation, as that of an argument for revelation. To many of our readers it is already a familiar treatise, to many, however, it probably is not so, and they may be glad to see how a Roman like Cicero wrote and reasoned upon one of the most interesting subjects of human investigation. Upon reading it they will feel, we think, that the vast superiority in thought and argument of any Christian of the present day, on the subject of a future existence, to one of the master minds of antiquity, is not easily susceptible of an explanation, except through the light which revelation has poured into the humblest mind. In a treatise like this, we obtain a just notion of what the unaided mind of man can do, under the most favorable circumstances, toward constructing a religion for itself. “Here,” observes the translator, “is the natural religion of the human soul; and we must look back of revealed religion for this. We, at this day, cannot have a natural religion; for we cannot help ourselves from using the aids revelation has given us. To know what the human soul can do for itself, we must ask the heathen philosophers. Besides it seemed necessary that the want of more light should be felt before it could well be given. The human mind had tried every expedient to solve the great mystery of being. It had plumed itself to fly to heaven, and would have mounted in its hopes to a higher and better sphere; but it was in vain; all was unsatisfactory, and it was obliged to confess its need, when God sent his Son to tell us why we were born, and what is the ultimate destiny of this mysterious soul.

“The argument of Cicero must be read, as a cry to heaven for light and guidance; as a confession of human weakness and want. Only in this way can it be understood. The argument is not conclusive. It could not be so. Had it been, what necessity for a revelation? It is a proof of that necessity from its very incompleteness; and herein lies its great

value. The etymological critic may point out fifty errors in this attempt to serve the want of many minds, but perhaps not one of them would affect the force of the general argument. It is not offered to a college of professors, but to the inquiring minds of the People."']

I. WHEN at length, O Brutus, I was altogether, or in great part, freed from the labor of pleading causes and my duties as Senator, I returned, chiefly by your influence, to those studies which were retained in my mind, even when interrupted by the state of the times, and which I have now recalled after a long interval. And since the theory and method of all the arts, which relate to a right course of life, are contained in that system of wisdom, called Philosophy, I have thought that I ought to treat of this subject in Latin. Not because Philosophy cannot be understood from Greek books and teachers; but it has ever been my opinion that our countrymen, without assistance, have investigated all subjects, to which they have given their attention, with more wisdom than the Greeks, and that even what has been received from them has been made better, when it seemed worthy the pains. For we give more heed to the customs and rules of life than they do, and arrange with more elegance our common and domestic concerns; and certainly our ancestors excelled them in the institutions and laws by which they administered the public affairs. Why should I speak of the art of war? in which if our countrymen have succeeded much by their courage, they have done still more by their skill; while in regard to those things which are obtained from nature, not books, they will not suffer in comparison with the Greeks, or any other nation. What people ever possessed such dignity, firmness, magnanimity, honesty, and fidelity,—such excellence in every form of virtue, that they could be compared with our ancestors? Greece excelled us in learning and every species of literature; in which conquest was easy, for we did not contend with her. For whilst, among the Greeks, the most ancient of their learned men were poets, as Homer and Hesiod, who flourished before the founding of Rome, and Archilochus, who lived in the reign of Romulus, we turned our attention to poetry at a later period; for it was nearly five hundred and ten years after the building of the city, that Livius brought out a play, (Caius Claudius, the son of Cæcus, and Marcus Tuditanus being consuls,) one year before the birth of Ennius, who preceded both Plautus and Nævius.



II. It was at a comparatively late period in our history, before poets were known and received by us; although it is mentioned in the *Origines*, that it was the custom at banquets for the guests to sing songs, to the accompaniment of a piper, in honor of the deeds of distinguished men. Nevertheless honor was not shown to poets as a class, as the speech of Cato shows, in which he casts it as a reproach upon Marcus Nobilior, that he carried poets with him into his province. We know that when he went as Consul into *Ætolia*, he took Ennius with him. The less therefore the poets were honored, so much the less zeal had they in their pursuits. Nor yet did they, who possessed great genius for the art, fail to approach sufficiently near the glory of the Greeks.

Must we not think, then, that if praise had been bestowed upon Fabius, a nobleman, for painting, there would have been amongst us many a Polycletus and Parrhasius? Praise cherishes the arts; and all are incited to such pursuits by desire for glory. Those arts always languish which are held in general disesteem. The Greeks thought it the highest exercise of talent to sing songs to the accompaniment of stringed instruments. Hence Epaminondas, the first of the Greeks, in my opinion, is said to have accompanied himself with eminent skill upon stringed instruments; and when Themistocles, some years after, refused to play upon the lyre, he was esteemed uneducated. Musicians therefore flourished in Greece, all learned music, nor was any one esteemed fully educated who was ignorant of the art. Geometry also was held by them in the highest honor; therefore nothing rendered a man more distinguished than skill in mathematics. But we confined the application of this art to purposes of measuring and calculations.

III. On the other hand, we quickly took up the Orator; not at first the learned orator, but the ready speaker; learning, however, came afterwards; for it is handed down that Galba, Africanus, Lælius were learned. Cato, however, who preceded them, was studious, and after him Lepidus, Carbo, and the Gracchi; and then so many who have been distinguished down to our own time, that we have little if anything to yield to the Greeks in this respect. Philosophy has languished even to this time, nor has Latin literature thrown any light upon it; which subject therefore I would attempt to illustrate and to excite an interest in, so that if, in busy life, I have been of any service to my countrymen, in my leisure, also, I may do them some good, if I

can. Besides, there is more reason for exertion in this behalf, because it is said that many Latin books have been written carelessly; by excellent men indeed, but not sufficiently learned. For it may happen that he, who thinks justly, may not have the power of explaining, what he thinks, elegantly. But he abuses both his leisure and the cause of letters, and fails likewise to bestow any pleasure upon his readers, who publishes his thoughts, without knowing how to arrange them or express them clearly. Such writers read their books to their intimate friends; nor does any one touch them, except those who are in favor of a like license in writing for themselves. Wherefore if by my industry I have added any reputation to the name of orator, much more diligently, on that account, shall I open the fountains of philosophy from which those excellencies flow.

IV. But as Aristotle, a man of the highest genius, and full of knowledge, when he was moved by the glory acquired by Isocrates, the rhetorician, began to teach the youth how to speak, and to join lessons in wisdom with rules of eloquence, so it pleases me, not laying aside the former study of oratory, to employ myself in the consideration of this higher and more fertile subject. For I have always thought that to be the most perfect system of philosophy, which may enable one to speak fluently and elegantly upon great questions. In this exercise I have so studiously wrought, that I have even dared to hold discussions after the manner of the Greeks; as lately in Tusculanum, when, after your departure, several of my intimate friends being about me, I tried what I could do in this kind of study. For as I was formerly accustomed to declaim upon causes, a practice no one has kept up longer than myself, so now this is the declamation of my old age. I suggested to any one to propose some question, which he wished to hear discussed, and upon that I discoursed either sitting or walking. Thus I have arranged the discussions of five days, schools as the Greeks call them, in so many books. We proceeded thus; when he who proposed a question had said what he thought upon the subject, I spoke on the other side. This, as you know, is the ancient and the Socratic method of dialectical discussion. For Socrates thought that by this method the Truth would be most easily and probably discovered. But that you may have the most correct notion of our discussions, I shall write them down as if a passing scene, and not in the form of a narration or report of them.

The beginning was made in this manner.

V. *Adolescens*. Death seems to me an evil.

*Marcus*. To those who are dead, or to those who have to die?

A. To both.

M. It is misery then, since an evil.

A. Certainly.

M. Therefore both those who are dead, and those who have yet to die are miserable.

A. So it seems to me.

M. There is no one then who is not miserable.

A. Truly no one.

M. And indeed, if you would be consistent, all who have been born, or will be born, are not only miserable, but eternally so. For if you say that they only are miserable who must die, you can except no one living, for all must die; but still there might be an end of suffering at death. But since the dead too are miserable, we are born to endless misery. For we necessarily conclude that they are miserable, who died a hundred thousand years ago, or rather that all are so, who have been born.

A. So indeed I think.

M. Tell me, I pray you, if you are affrighted at those things; the three-headed Cerberus in the infernal regions, the roaring of Cocytus, the passage over Acheron, "and Tantalus half dead with thirst, and only able to touch the top of the water with his chin?" Or that other story of "Sisyphus striving with the rock, sweating with exertion and not advancing a whit?" Or perhaps those inexorable judges, Minos and Rhadamanthus, terrify you; before whom neither Lucius Crassus, nor Marcus Antonius will defend you, nor, since the trial will be before Greek judges, will you be able to call in the aid of Demosthenes,—you must plead your own cause before a most numerous assembly. These things perchance you fear, and therefore conclude that death is an eternal evil.

VI. A. Do you think me so foolish as to believe such things?

M. And do you not believe them?

A. By no means, truly.

M. By Hercules you make an unfortunate admission.

A. Why? I pray you.

M. Because I might be eloquent, if I should speak against them.

*A.* Who could not be eloquent in such a cause? But what need is there of refuting these unnatural fictions of the poets and painters?

*M.* And yet the books of philosophers are full of discussions against these very things.

*A.* Vain, indeed! Who can be so silly, that those things can move him?

*M.* If then the miserable are not in the infernal regions, there are none there.

*A.* That is precisely my opinion.

*M.* Where then are those who, you say, are miserable, or what place do they inhabit? For if they exist, they must occupy some place.

*A.* I think indeed that they occupy no place.

*M.* Therefore you think they do not exist.

*A.* Exactly so; and yet miserable on that very account, because they do not exist.

*M.* Indeed I had rather you feared Cerberus, than make such inconsiderate remarks.

*A.* Why? pray!

*M.* You deny and assert existence of the same person. Where is your acuteness? You affirm misery of a being whom you deny to exist.

*A.* I am not so dull as to speak thus.

*M.* What then do you say?

*A.* For example, I say Marcus Crassus is miserable, who has been deprived by death of those great fortunes; that Cneius Pompey is miserable, because he has been deprived of his great glory; that all, finally, are miserable, who are deprived of this light.

*M.* You come round again to the same point. It is necessary that they should exist who, you say, are miserable. But you deny that the dead are in being. If they are not in being, they can be nothing, so that they are not miserable.

*A.* I do not perhaps express what I think. But I think that very state of annihilation, after having lived, to be a most wretched condition.

*M.* How! more miserable than never to have existed at all? Then they who are not yet born are unhappy, because they are not in existence; and we ourselves, if after death we are fated to misery, were miserable before we were born. I do not remember my unhappiness before my birth.



Perhaps your memory serves you better,—I should like to know if you have any recollection of such a state.

VII. *A.* You jest with me ; as if I had said, they who are not born are miserable, and not they who are dead.

*M.* You say then that they do exist.

*A.* Nay, it is because they do not exist, once having lived, that they are wretched.

*M.* Do you not see that you contradict yourself? For what so contradictory as to affirm misery, or indeed any state of being, of that which does not exist? Do you, when, going out of the city by the gate Capena, you behold the sepulchres of Calatinus, of the Scipios, the Servilii, and the Metelli, think that they are miserable?

*A.* Since you press me with the word, henceforth I will not say that the miserable exist, but only that, for the very reason that they do not exist, they are wretched.

*M.* You say not, then, that Marcus Crassus is miserable ; but only miserable Marcus Crassus.

*A.* Evidently, that is what I mean.

*M.* As if it were not necessary that whatever thing you declare to be in that condition, must either exist or not. Have you not been instructed in logic? In the first place, it is an established rule that every proposition (it occurs to me now to call it *ἀξίωμα*, axiom, I will give it another better name if I can find one) is something affirmed, which is either true or false. When therefore you say miserable Marcus Crassus, or Marcus Crassus is miserable, you say something of which we may judge as to whether it is true or false, or else you say nothing at all.

*A.* Well then, I will grant that the dead are not miserable, since you have forced me to confess that those who are not in existence cannot be wretched. What then? Are not we who live wretched, because we must die? What sweetness can life have, when the thought of death must be present to us day and night?

VIII. *M.* Do you not perceive what a load of evil you have taken off from human life?

*A.* In what way?

*M.* Because if to die were misery to the dead, we should have in life the thought of this infinite and eternal misery. Now I see the limit, to which when we have come we have nothing more to fear. But you seem to me to adopt the

opinion of Epicharmus, an acute and not unwitty man for a Sicilian.

*A.* What opinion? for I do not know it.

*M.* I will tell you, if I can, in Latin; for you know I am not accustomed to introduce Greek into a Latin discourse any more than Latin into a Greek discourse.

*A.* And properly too. But what is that opinion of Epicharmus?

*M.* "I am unwilling to die, but I think that when I die I shall become nothing."

*A.* There I recognise the Greek. But since you have compelled me to admit that the dead are not in a miserable condition, go on, if you can, and prove that I ought not also to consider the necessity of dying a misery.

*M.* That indeed is hardly worth the while, as I aim at higher views.

*A.* Why of little consequence? or what are those higher views?

*M.* Because since after death there is no evil, death indeed is no evil; the nearest time to which is after death, a time in which you admit there is no evil; so that neither is the necessity of dying an evil, for this is the necessity of coming to that which we admit is not an evil.

*A.* Speak more fully, I pray you, upon these points, for I confess that these knotty questions compel me to assent to what I do not fully understand. But what are those higher views, which you say you are about to unfold?

*M.* To teach, if I can, not only that death is not an evil, but a positive good.

*A.* I do not demand so much as that; nevertheless I long to hear. For if you shall not prove all you wish, you will establish the point, that death is not an evil. But I will not interrupt you with questions. I prefer to hear a continued discourse.

*M.* What if I question you, will not you answer?

*A.* That would be arrogant in me, indeed; but unless it be necessary, I would rather you would not question me.

IX. *M.* I will comply with your plan, and explain what you wish as well as I am able; but I shall not pretend to speak, as the Pythian Apollo, certain and fixed Truth, but, as a man subject to error like all the rest, I shall follow probabilities. For I cannot say more than that this or that seems to me to be the truth. There are those who pretend to perceive and speak certainties, — and such people profess to be wise.

A. Do as you please. We are prepared to listen.

M. We must, therefore, first inquire what Death is, which seems to be a thing perfectly well known. There are some who think that death is the departure of the soul from the body. Others say no departure takes place, but that the soul and body perish together, and that the soul is extinguished in the body. Of those who think that the soul leaves the body at death, some think that it is immediately dissolved, some that it remains a long time after the separation, while others say it exists forever. What this soul is, where and from whence, is a great subject of dispute. To some *cor*, the heart, seems to be the soul; hence we have such expressions as, *excordes*, *vecordes*, *concordesque*, silly, insane, and harmonious; and that wise man, Nasica, who was twice consul, was called *Corculum*, a little heart, and Ælius Sextus a shrewd man was called, *Egregie cordatus homo*, a man of a lofty soul.

Empedocles thinks the soul to be the blood in the heart. To some a certain part of the brain seems to hold the chief part of the soul; others will not allow the heart itself or any part of the brain to be the soul; but others have said that the seat and place of the soul is in the heart, others in the brain; but others think the soul is the breath, as our countrymen declare by the name itself; for we use such expressions as *agere animam*, and *efflure animam*, to expire. Also we say *animosos*, animate, *bene animatos*, very brave, and *ex animi sententia*, from the opinion of the mind. But this soul itself, *animus*, is called so from *anima*, the breath. Zeno the Stoic thought the mind was fire.

X. But these theories, which I have mentioned, that the soul is the heart, the brain, the breath, or fire, have been held by entire sects; other opinions, by individuals, as by many ancients before. And latest Aristoxenus, a musician and also a philosopher, supposed the soul to be a certain attuning of the body, similar to that which in singing and stringed instruments is called harmony; and that its various motions are drawn out from the nature and figure of the whole body, as the tones in music. He did not relinquish his art, and yet said something the purport of which had been said and explained much before that time by Plato. Xenocrates denied that the soul had any figure or body, and said it was number, whose influence, as before was thought by Pythagoras, was the greatest in nature. His teacher, Plato, formed

a triple soul, the ruling part of which, the reason, he placed in the head, as in a citadel ; the two other parts, anger and desire, which he wished to be considered subordinate, he enclosed in separate places, — anger in the breast, and desire under the præcordia.

But Dicæarchus, in his account of the disputes of the learned held at Corinth, which he has set forth in three books, in the first book introduces many speakers ; in the other two he brings forward a certain old man of Phthia, called Pherecrates, who he says, was sprung from Deucalion, saying, that the soul is nothing at all ; and that it is an utterly empty name ; that things are unmeaningly called animals, animated ; that soul or spirit does not exist in man nor beast ; and that all that power, by which we perform anything or perceive anything, is equally diffused through all living bodies ; nor can it be separated from body, inasmuch as there is no such thing ; nor is there anything except body one and simple, which is so formed as to feel by organization.

Aristotle, excelling by far all (I always except Plato) in learning and industry, when he reduced the origin of all things to four classes, thought there was a certain fifth nature, from which the soul originated ; for he thought, that to think, to foresee, to learn, to teach, to invent anything, as well as to remember so many things, to love, to hate, to desire, to fear, to grieve, and to be joyful, — these and similar things cannot be brought under any one of the four classes. He employs a fifth class without a name, and this soul he calls by a new name, *ἐντελεχίαν*, as if it was something which possessed a continued and perennial activity.

XI. Unless some escape me, these are nearly all the opinions concerning the soul. For we will omit Democritus, a great man indeed, who thought the soul was the result of the accidental coming together of smooth and round atoms ; for there is nothing among those sages which a collection of atoms may not produce. Which of all these opinions is true let some god determine, — which is most probable is a great question. Shall we discuss these opinions or return to our proposition ?

A. I desire both, if it might be ; but it is difficult to mingle them. Wherefore, not to discuss these points, if we can be freed from the fear of death, let us do it ; but if that is not possible without unravelling this question of the soul, let us attend to it now, and leave the other question for another time.



*M.* The course I understand you to prefer, that I think will be the most suitable. For reason teaches us that, whichever of the opinions I have set forth is true, death is not an evil, but rather a good. Because if the heart, or blood, or brain is the soul, certainly, since it is material, it will perish with the body. If it be the breath, it will be dissipated; if fire, extinguished; if the harmony of Aristoxenus, it will be broken. What shall I say of the theory of Dicaearchus, who thinks the soul is nothing at all? According to all these various opinions nothing can pertain to any one after death. Sense is lost equally with life. There is nothing that can affect in any way whatever him who has no sensation. The opinions of others excite some hope, if mayhap that pleases you, that the souls when they leave the body may be able to go to a heaven, as to their own home.

*A.* That indeed does delight me; that I would first wish to have so; and then, if that may not be, I would wish to be persuaded that it might be so.

*M.* What need then of my doing anything for you? Can I excel Plato in eloquence? Can I diligently his book upon the soul; there can be nothing more you can desire.

*A.* By Hercules, I have done so often; but somehow whilst I read, I assent, but when I lay aside the book, and begin to reflect within myself concerning the immortality of the soul, all that assent glides from me.

*M.* But what? Do you not grant that either souls remain after death, or that they perish in death itself?

*A.* I admit it.

*M.* What if they survive?

*A.* I grant that they are happy.

*M.* What if they perish?

*A.* That they are not miserable, since they will not exist;—compelled by you, I made this concession some time ago.

*M.* How then, or why, can you say that death seems to you to be an evil,—a state which results in happiness if our souls survive the body, and not miserable if deprived of all sensation?

XII. *A.* Explain then, unless it be too much trouble, in the first place, if you can, that souls remain after death, which if you fail in doing (for it is a hard task) you shall teach that death is an exemption from all evil. For I fear lest this very thing be an evil, I do not say the being deprived of sense, but the being to be deprived of sense.

*M.* We can adduce the best authority for the opinion you wish to establish, that which is wont, and ought, to avail much in all questions. And, first, indeed all antiquity favors it, which, being nearer to the time of the birth and divine origin of the soul, could better discover what was true concerning it.

This one idea seems to have been deeply rooted in those ancients, whom Ennius calls *Casci*, that there is sense after death; that man is not so destroyed by death, as utterly to perish; and this may be understood, as from many other things, so also from the pontifical customs and ceremonies of burial, which men, endowed with the highest genius, would not have observed with so great care, nor punished the violating of them as an inextinguishable crime, unless it had been fixed in their mind, that death was not annihilation, the taking away and extinction of everything, but rather a removal and change of life, which, as a guide, might conduct renowned men and women to heaven; as for the rest they believed they remained in the earth where they were retained a long time. By this view, and in the opinion of our countrymen, "*Romulus passes his life in heaven with the gods*;" as Ennius also says, assenting to common report. And among the Greeks, and thence passing to us, and even to the ocean, *Hercules* is held as so great and so present a divinity. Hence we have *Bacchus*, son of *Semele*; and, of the same wide extended fame, the *Tyndarian* brothers, who not only aided the Roman people in battle, but became the messengers of their victories. What! *Ino*, the daughter of *Cadmus*, was she not named *Leucothea* by the Greeks, and *Matuta* by us? What! is not almost all heaven filled, not to mention others, with those who had their origin on earth?

XIII. If I should attempt to examine ancient traditions, and to search out what the Greek writers have handed down, even those, who are esteemed gods of the highest dignity, would be found to have taken their departure from us to heaven. Seek the sepulchres of those pointed out in Greece; remember, since you have been initiated, what is handed down in the mysteries; and then you will understand how widely this impression of immortality has spread. But they who had not known those physical laws, which began to be treated many years after, believed only so much as they knew by the teaching of nature. They did not fathom the reasons and causes of things; they were often moved by certain

visions, mostly appearing in the night time, to think those who had departed this life were yet alive. Moreover the fact, that no nation has been so wild, no one so uncultivated, as to be destitute of the idea of the gods, is the strongest proof of their existence to us. Many hold low views of the gods; this is usually the result of a vicious character; yet all think there is a divine power and nature. Nor indeed has this been effected by the conferring of men together, nor by public opinion; — the notion has not been supported by institutions nor established by laws. But in everything the consent of all nations is to be esteemed a law of nature. Who is there who does not mourn the death of his friends, in the first place, because he thinks them deprived of the pleasures of life? Remove this impression, and you have taken away grief. No one mourns on account of his own trouble. Men may grieve, it may be, and be pained, but that gloomy lamentation, that mournful weeping, is because we think, that he whom we have loved is deprived of the happiness of life, and is sensible of it. And this we feel by the teaching of nature, by no course of reasoning, by no learning.

XIV. But it is a great argument, that nature silently declares the immortality of the soul, in the regard that all have for those things which shall happen to them after death. "One plants trees which will profit another generation," as says the author of the *Synephebi*. With what view, unless after ages belonged to him? Therefore the diligent husbandman will plant trees, no berry of which he shall behold; and shall not the great man establish laws, institutions, and government? What do the begetting of children, the preserving of names, the adopting of sons, the care about wills, — what do the monuments of burial places and their inscriptions signify, except that we think of the future also? Do you doubt the propriety of drawing an ideal of nature from that nature which is best? And what nature in the human race is higher than that of those, who think they are born to assist, to guard, to preserve their fellow men? Hercules went to the gods. He never would have gone there, unless when he was among men he had secured himself a way thither. These are now old, and are consecrated in the religion of all.

XV. What may we suppose those many great men thought, who in this republic have sacrificed their lives for their country? Did they suppose their names would die with them-



selves? No one, without a firm belief in immortality, will ever offer himself up for his country. Themistocles might lawfully have lived an idle life, and also Epaminondas (and even I myself, not to seek ancient and foreign instances), but a presentiment of future life in some manner is inherent in the mind, and this presentiment exists the most deeply, and appears most plainly, in minds of the highest genius and loftiest character. If this were taken away, who would be so mad as to spend his life in labors and dangers? I speak of great men. How is it with the poets? Do they not wish to be famous after death? Else whence that verse of the poet? "Behold, O citizens, the picture of the form of the aged Ennius! he sang the noblest deeds of your fathers." He demands the meed of glory from those, whose fathers he had covered with glory. And again, he says, "Let no one honor me with tears, nor make lamentations at my funeral rites. Why? I dwell in the mouths of my countrymen." But why should I mention poets only? Artists wish to be made known after death. Why else did Phidias carve his own likeness on the shield of Minerva, against the law? What shall I say of our philosophers? Do they not inscribe their own names in the very books which they write concerning contempt for glory? Now, if the agreement of all mankind is the voice of nature, and if all of every place agree, that there is something which belongs to those who have departed this life, we must think so also; and if we may suppose that they, whose minds excel in genius and virtue, can best discern the laws of nature, because they possess the best nature themselves, it is very probable that, when a good man serves posterity, there is something, which he is going to have a sense of, after death.

XVI. But as we think by the light of nature that the gods exist, and learn what is their nature by reason; so we argue from the consent of all nations that souls are immortal, and we must learn the place and manner of their existence by reason. Ignorance upon this subject has formed the infernal regions, and those terrors which you, not without good cause, seem to despise. Such persons suppose that when bodies fall into the earth, and are covered by the ground, *humo*, from which comes the term *humari*, to be buried, the remainder of existence is spent under the earth. Great errors have resulted from this opinion, which the poets have increased. The crowded audience in the theatre, in which are young women and



boys, hearing such a lofty strain as this, is moved, "I am present, and I come from Acheron, but with difficulty, for the way is steep and difficult, through caves formed of sharp rocks, with masses hanging over head, where the cold, thick blackness of the infernal regions broods." So much did this error prevail, though now it seems to me to be removed, that when they knew the bodies to be burned, they feigned things to happen to them in the infernal regions, which could neither happen nor be understood, unless the bodies were in existence. They were not able to embrace the idea in their minds of souls existing independently, and so they sought for them a definite form and shape. Hence Homer's description of the dead; hence the necromancy of my friend Appius; hence in our neighborhood the lake of Avernus, "from which spirits, are raised from the dark shade through the open mouth of deep Acheron — the bloodless images of the dead." They wished these images to speak, which cannot be without the strength and form of the jaws, and sides, and lungs, without tongue or palate. For they could see nothing with the soul, they referred everything to the senses. But it is the property of a great genius, to separate the mind from the senses, and to draw off the thoughts from what they have been accusomed to. I suppose, indeed, that others must have said the same during so many ages, but, according to the testimony of literature, Phercydes, the Syrian, is the first who declared the souls of men to be immortal. He was indeed an ancient; for he lived in the reign of my namesake, Tullus. His disciple Pythagoras, who came to Italy in the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, strongly confirmed this opinion, and swayed *Magna Græcia* no less by the fame of his philosophical views, than by his political authority. The name of the sect of the Pythagoreans flourished so much for many ages after, that no other was esteemed learned.

But I return to the ancients. They hardly ever gave a reason for their opinion, unless something was to be explained by numbers and figures. It is said that Plato came to Italy to know the Pythagoreans, and he learnt all their tenets; and that he first came to the same conclusion with Pythagoras, and besides gave a reason for his belief; which we will pass over, unless you have something to say, and leave this whole topic concerning the hope of immortality.

A. Say you so? Will you desert me now, that you have ex-

cited the highest expectation? By Hercules, I would rather err with Plato, whom you make so much of, I perceive, and whom I admire from your lips, than to think correctly with them.

*M.* Well done! I myself should not unwillingly err with that philosopher. Do we then doubt in this as we do in other things? Not in this by any means, for the mathematicians teach us that the earth, placed in the middle of the universe, in the embrace of the whole heavens, occupies something like a point, which they call the *κεντρον*, the centre. Moreover, that such is the nature of the four elementary bodies, which produce by their combinations everything, that they hold the constituents, as it were, divided and distributed among themselves; that the earthy and humid parts, by their own tendency and weight, are attracted towards the earth and the sea at equal angles; that the other two parts, the one fiery, the other ethereal, as the former by their greater weight and gravity are carried towards the centre, so these fly upwards in right lines to a celestial place, either because their nature seeks a higher region, or because things lighter are naturally repelled by heavier. Which being established, it ought clearly to appear that souls, when they leave the body, whether they consist of air, or breath, or fire, are borne on high. But if the soul is a kind of number, which is said more ingeniously than clearly, or that fifth nature, without a name rather than not understood, they are the more sound and pure, as they stretch to the greatest distance from earth. The soul then is some one of these principles; nor may the active mind lie buried in the heart or brain, or according to Empedocles, in the blood.

XVIII. We will omit the theory of Dicæarchus, and also that of his contemporary and fellow pupil Aristoxenus, learned men though they be; the one of whom does not seem ever to have lamented much, because he could not perceive that he possessed a soul, and the other so delighted with his songs that he endeavors to transfer the nature of soul to them. For we can perceive harmony by intervals of sounds, whose various combinations produce many tunes; but I do not understand what harmony the relative position and figure of the members of the body, destitute of mind, can produce. But he, however learned he may be, must yield his theory to that of his master Aristotle. Let him teach music; and well is he admonished by the Greek proverb,

"Let each one exercise that art he knows." Let us reject entirely the accidental concurrence of smooth and round atoms, which Democritus will have warm and breathing, that is, vital. But if the soul consists of the four elements of which all things are made, it is formed of inflammable air, as I understand was firmly believed by Panætius, and must necessarily aim at the higher regions. For these two elements (fire and air) have no tendency downwards, but always ascend. So that if they are dissolved, it must happen at a great distance from the earth; and if they remain and preserve their condition, it is the more necessary that they be borne upwards; and the thick and concrete air next to the earth is broken through and divided by these as they ascend. For the soul is of a warmer and more ardent nature than this air, which I have just now called thick and concrete; which can be well understood from the fact, that our bodies, formed of the earthy class of the elements, grow warm by the ardor of the soul.

XIX. And the velocity of the soul, than which nothing is swifter, favors the idea of its easily breaking through this air, which I often refer to, and penetrating it; for there is no speed which can equal the motion of the soul. If then it is to remain uncorrupted and like itself, it must be borne up and penetrate and divide this whole heaven, in which are collected the clouds, the showers, and the winds,—a region moist and dark by reason of the exhalations from the earth. When the soul has surmounted this region, and touches and recognises one like itself, it will stop in that place where is a temperature formed by a thin atmosphere, warmed by the gentle heat of the sun, and it will go no higher. And having attained to a place of the same lightness and heat of its own nature, as it were balanced by equal forces, it will move not at all; and that may be called its natural home, when it comes to a place like itself, in which without a want it will be sustained and cherished in the same manner, that the stars are sustained and cherished.

And since we are wont to be excited to lust by the passions of the body, and are more inflamed, because we envy those who possess things which we wish to possess, we shall be truly happy, when, our bodies being left behind us, we are freed from passions and envyings. And as we now, when free from care, wish to behold and examine some subject, we shall then be more



at liberty to indulge our taste, and shall be placed entirely in an attitude of contemplation and study ; for there is by nature a certain insatiable desire in the human mind of seeking that which is true ; and the whole face of those regions, whither we shall have come, will afford a greater facility to us of knowing celestial matters, and a deeper desire of knowing them. For this beauty even on the earth excited that national and ancestral philosophy (as Theophrastus calls it) which burned to know. Especially will they enjoy this who, even when inhabiting this earth covered with darkness, desired to see through it by the acuteness of the mind.

XX. For if they think they have attained some knowledge, who have seen the mouth of the Pontus, and those straits through which the ship named *Argo* passed, — “because, borne in it, the Greeks, a chosen band, there sought the golden fleece of the ram ;” or they who have seen the straits leading to the ocean, “where the swift water divides Europe from Africa,” — what a grand sight may we suppose it to be, to see the whole earth, its situation, form, and boundaries, the regions that are inhabited, as well as those which are unoccupied by reason of the extreme heat or cold ?

And those things we do see, we perceive not by the eyes, for there is no sense in the body, but (as not only natural philosophers but also physicians teach us, who have seen them open and exposed) there are certain paths perforated from the seat of the soul to the eyes, the ears, and the nostrils. Often, when lost in thought, or affected by disease, the eyes and ears being open and sound, we neither see nor hear ; so that it can easily be understood that it is the soul that sees and hears, and not those parts which are, as it were, the windows of the soul ; for the senses can perceive nothing, unless the soul be present and act. Why do we comprehend the most dissimilar things by one mind, as color, taste, heat, odor, sound, which the soul would never know by the five senses, unless they referred all things to it, and made it the sole judge of everything ? And indeed all objects will be seen much more clearly and truly, when the free soul shall have arrived at that place, to which it tends by its nature. Now indeed although nature has by the most cunning workmanship formed these avenues, which conduct to the soul from the body, nevertheless they are often clogged up by earthy and solid substances. But when there shall be nothing but pure mind,



no object will intervene to hinder its seeing how and what everything is.

XXI. We might here mention at length, if the occasion demanded, how many, how various, how splendid are the sights, which are about to open upon the soul in the celestial regions; which when I reflect upon, I often wonder at the arrogance of some philosophers, who are amazed at the knowledge of nature, and exultingly give thanks to its discoverer and master, and worship him as a god, because they say that by him they are freed from the severest tyrants, continual terror, daily and nightly fear. What terror? what fear? What old wife is so silly as to fear, what forsooth you would fear, if you had not learned natural philosophy — “The lofty Acherusian temples of the Infernal Regions, the pale realms of Death, the places thick with black clouds.” Is it not a disgrace to a philosopher to boast, that he does not fear these things, and that he has discovered them to be false? From which you may gather how acute they are by nature, who without learning would have been ready to believe these things. They gained I know not what great advantage, in that they learned, that when the time of death should have come, they were utterly to perish. Which, if it be true, — and I will not oppose it now, — what matter of joy or boasting is there? I have seen nothing which proves to me, that the opinion of Pythagoras and Plato is not true. But if Plato had assigned no reason for his opinion, — behold how I venerate the man, — the authority of his name alone would persuade me. But he has adduced so many arguments, that he seems to wish to convince others; certainly he had persuaded himself of this truth.

XXII. But many contend against this opinion, and punish souls with death, as if they were condemned of a capital crime; and no reason is given why the immortality of souls appears incredible, except that, they say, they cannot understand and embrace in their mind the idea of a soul without a body. As if they could understand how it exists in the body, its shape, size, and situation; so that if all those parts now concealed in a living man could be perceived, the soul would fall under their observation, or by its extreme fineness escape notice. Let them think over these points, who deny they can understand how the soul can exist without a body. They will then see how they can know its existence in the body. It is much more difficult and puzzling for me, reflecting upon the nature of

the soul, to decide how it exists in the body in a separate state, than to believe that, when freed from matter, it will rise to the clear heaven as to its own home. And if it be said, that we are unable to comprehend how that exists which we have never seen, we answer that we do embrace in our thoughts the idea of God himself, the divine soul, as unincumbered by body. Dicæarchus and Aristoxenus, because of the difficulty of understanding what the soul is, and the manner of its existence, said that there is no soul at all. It is indeed the greatest mystery of all, that soul can be perceived by soul. And truly the precept of Apollo refers to this power, when he admonishes each one to know himself. He does not command us to know our limbs, our stature, or figure, as I believe. Nor are we all body. I, now speaking to you, speak not to your body. When therefore he says, *know thyself*, he means know thy soul; for thy body is, as it were, the vessel or receptacle of the soul. Whatever is done by your soul is done by yourself. Therefore to know this soul, unless it were divine, could not be the command of any mind so acute, as to be attributed to a god.

But if the soul is ignorant of its own nature, tell me, I pray you, shall it be ignorant even that it exists? that it moves? It was from this, that that argument of Plato originated, which is explained by Socrates in the *Phædrus*, and by me is placed in my sixth book concerning the republic.

XXIII. That which always moves is eternal; but that which moves another thing, or itself derives its motion from without, when the motion ceases, necessarily ceases to be. But that alone which is self-moved, as it never is deserted by itself, can never cease its motion. And this is the source or principle of motion to all things which are moved; but the principle itself has no beginning, for all things arise from *it*, and the principle itself cannot be produced from anything. For it would not be a principle, if it were produced from another thing. So that which has no beginning cannot have an end. For if the principle should be extinguished, it could not be reproduced by anything else, nor could it create anything else, as all things necessarily have their origin from this principle. So it results that the principle of motion is from that which is itself moved by itself. But that can neither begin nor end; otherwise all heaven would fall and all nature stop, nor could acquire any

force by which, having received its first impulse, it may be moved.

Since then it is clear that that which moves itself is eternal, who is there who will deny that this nature belongs to souls? Everything is the *inanimate* which has its motion from an external force. But that which is moved by an inner power of its own is *animate*. For this is the peculiar nature and power of soul; which, if it is the only one of all things that moves itself, it is not certainly born, and is eternal. Although all philosophers of the lower sort should concur, (for it seems proper to call those by this name, who differ from Plato, and Socrates, and others of their class,) they will not only not explain any of their views so elegantly, but they will not even understand with what refinement of reasoning this conclusion has been drawn. Therefore the soul perceives itself to be moved, which motion it perceives to originate in its own power, and not from abroad; nor can it happen that it can desert itself. By which immortality is made out, unless you have some objection to offer.

A. Truly I willingly suffer the conclusion; nor does any objection occur to me, I am so much in favor of that opinion.

XXIV. What shall we say to other opinions? Do you think them of less consequence? Those which declare that certain divine powers are inherent in the soul of man; which if I could see how they could originate, I might be able to see how they might perish. Suppose I were able to declare of the blood, bile, phlegm, bones, nerves, and arteries, finally the whole shape of the members and of the whole body, how they are united and in what manner created, if the soul is not of a different nature from that of mere existence, then I might judge that by nature the life of man is sustained, as a vine or tree is sustained. For we say of these things that they live. Also if the soul of man should possess no power, but to seek pleasure and avoid pain, this would be common to it with the brutes.

First, it has memory, the power of remembering an infinity of facts; which Plato will have to be the remembrance of a previous life. For in that book entitled Menon, Socrates puts certain geometrical questions to a little boy, respecting the dimensions of a square. To these he answers as a boy would be likely to; nevertheless the questions are so easy, that by his answers he arrives at the same result as he would, had he

learned geometry. From which Socrates wishes to prove that to *learn* is only to *remember*. Which position he much more accurately explained, in that conversation he held on the last day of his life ; for he teaches that any one, though he may seem entirely uncultivated, replying to another fairly questioning him, will declare that he learns not at the time the answers he gives, but calls them to mind by the power of memory. Nor can it be otherwise, since from boyhood we have so many impressions, upon such a variety of subjects, ingrafted and stamped in the soul, which they call *εἰσβολαί*, conceptions, than that the soul before it entered the body had been practised in a knowledge of facts. And since by the other supposition it would not exist, as in all places is taught by Plato, (for he considers that as nothing, which begins and dies, and that only truly to exist, which always remains such as he calls by the term *ἰδέαν*, form, and we by the word *speciem*, form,) the soul inclosed in the body could not gain a knowledge of these facts, and so it has brought them forward as what was already known. By which view our wonder at the memory of so many events is removed. Neither does the soul evidently see these things, when it first enters into its new and unquiet abode, but when it has collected its energies and refreshed itself, it calls them up by recollection. So that to learn is only to remember. But I, in a manner, feel still greater wonder at the power of memory. What is that power by which we remember ? Whence has the soul this faculty, and where does it originate ? I will not inquire now how great the memory of Simonides was, nor of Theodectes, nor concerning him, I mean Cyneas, who was sent as ambassador to the Senate by Pyrrhus ; neither will I refer to the great memory of Charmadas, and of him who has just left us, Scepsius Metrodorus, nor of the remarkable powers of our Hortensius in this respect, — but I speak of the memory common to man, and especially of those who are employed in the higher studies and arts, who remember so many things, that it would be difficult to estimate the extent of their mental power.

J. N. B.



## THE BIBLE.

WE propose in the present Article to discuss *the influence of the Bible upon science, art, and poetry*. In grouping these three great departments of human culture together, we are aware that each might demand volumes for its full elucidation in this connexion. We are aware also, that we cover this broad field at the expense of strict logical unity; but have thought that there might be peculiar advantages in thus presenting a comprehensive view of the agency of the Bible in man's intellectual progress and refinement.

I. We would first show what *science* owes to the Scriptures. And, in order to determine this, we must refer to the state of science in the Pagan world before the Christian era. The human mind had been left to itself for four thousand years, and had been constantly employed in the search after truth. The most patient investigations, the boldest speculations, were essayed, lives were worn away, ease sacrificed, death incurred, in the pursuit of knowledge; and with what results? With scarce any of permanent value. The wisdom of the old world was foolishness. Thick darkness brooded over the whole expanse of nature. The laws of animal economy and of vegetable physiology were unknown, and natural history was but a tissue of fabulous conjecture. The geographical features and astronomical relations of the earth were in part but dimly seen, and for the most part undiscovered. The system of the universe, as conceived of by the first philosophers of Greece and Rome, would provoke the laughter of a modern schoolboy. The science of mind was a senseless jargon; that of morals imperfect, sophistical, and corrupt; that of government chimerical and impracticable. Even history, which seems at first sight but an earth-born science, was enveloped in superstition and absurdity; nor could any of the renowned nations of antiquity furnish a rational account of their own origin and progress, or an authentic biography of their illustrious men.

And why was all this the case? It was for want of those general principles, which lie at the basis of all knowledge, and which modern philosophy has drawn from the Bible. The unity of God was unknown, the heavens and the earth were

cantoned out among the numberless chimeras of a polytheistic belief; therefore unity and harmony in creation were neither supposed nor sought; and nature's apparent discrepancies were passed over as real and irreconcilable. The deities of Pagan mythology were also painted as both weak and cruel; the universe of ancient science was accordingly insignificant in its compass, oppressive in its laws. The origin, nature, and destiny of the human spirit were also unknown; consequently the metaphysics, ethics, and politics of the ancient world were aimless and worthless.

Yet in the Old Testament, a series of books, written not by philosophers, but by herdsmen, shepherds, and warriors, of a nation just emerging from barbarism, without any outward means of culture, we find traces of a more authentic history, of more accurate science, of a sounder philosophy, than adorned the brightest era of the Pagan world. There was light on the hill-tops and in the dwellings of Judea, when deep darkness brooded over the groves of Academus and the banks of the Tiber.

Modern history furnishes a striking parallel to the state of science in the ancient heathen world. We refer to the period of the French revolution. The infidel literati of that day shot across the intellectual firmament with the brilliancy of meteors, but with a glare as unsubstantial and evanescent as theirs. They put forth lofty pretensions in every department of knowledge, and for a time a dazzled and bewildered world admired them; but the unanimous verdict of posterity has hurled them from their unrightful eminence, and is fast consigning them to oblivion, as a cunning crew of superficial pretenders. Voltaire, their most venerated sage, was wont to boast in secret of his dexterity in coining facts to support his hasty theories; and, though he played for a while the master magician in every department of the empire of mind, he is now not trusted in any, and is hardly so much as consulted; nay, his very name is deemed ample guarantee for the hollowness and falsity of any theory or opinion. Even his histories are full of fable; and, while we read them for their beauties of style, for authentic statements of facts we must resort to other records. His brother philosophers, whatever their theatre of research, seemed, like him, incapable of distinguishing between fact and falsehood, insensible to the laws of evidence, blind to the characteristics of truth. They carried natural science back to a chaotic state. Their mental philosophy was a system for

brutes. Their ethics and political philosophy would have commended themselves to a community of wolves or tigers. And even in the department of mathematics, where it might have seemed impossible to be otherwise than accurate, they often used a sophistical, bewildering style of demonstration, assuming at the outset the point to be proved, and then arguing in a circle, so that their text-books, for a while received, are now superseded by better in almost all our seminaries of learning.

Having thus shown that, where the Bible has been unknown or rejected, science has either remained in infancy or returned to infancy, let us now examine more particularly the way, in which this revered volume has shed essential light upon the various departments of science.

We inquire, in the first place, what agency has the Bible had in developing and perfecting natural science? Suppose that we were on the site of an ancient edifice, and saw here and there a broken column, a fragment of an arch or a cornice, with one or two apartments not entirely dilapidated, and it were required of us to construct a plan of the edifice as it originally stood, would it not give us essential aid in this work to know the tastes, habits, and character of the architect, and the design which he had in view in this particular building, and especially to examine some entire structure, though of a different kind, of his planning? Most assuredly it would. Now in the temple of universal nature, the portions, which we are able to discern without the aid of science, are as few and as disjointed as the fragments of our supposed edifice; research, preceded and aided by theory, must ascertain the proportions and complete the structure. To the successful prosecution of this work nothing can so essentially conduce, as a knowledge of the character and purposes of Him, who built the temple, of his design in building it, and of other structures planned by the same mind, erected by the same hand. This knowledge we can get from the Bible, and we can find it nowhere else. There we learn the nature and attributes of Him, of whose ideas whatever is, is the copy, whatever takes place, is the expression. There we learn the design and office of the material creation. There too we have a perfect outline of that spiritual temple, of which the outward universe is but the type and emblem. We are thus furnished with materials for philosophizing, with data, with starting points, with general principles, on which

to found our particular theories. We can commence our investigation of the parts of the system with just and adequate ideas of Him, who is the whole.

Thus the Bible teaches us the immenseness, the infinity of the divine attributes; and this idea has been the germ of many of the most sublime discoveries of modern science. Let a sense of the infinite power and majesty of the Almighty once take possession of the mind, the bounds of the universe recede, its dimensions stretch beyond the reach of thought; the heavens are no longer the concave canopy of earth, but the limitless theatre of plastic power; the stars are no longer diamond spangles attendant upon our little planet, but worlds, and suns, and systems; earth ceases to be the centre, and becomes a mere point in the circumference of creation. The Copernican system, the sublime theories now universally received with regard to the fixed stars, considered each as a luminary to a cluster of worlds like ours, the revolution of these immensely large and distant orbs around a common centre, a sun of suns, — these are ideas, which could not have entered the soul of a Pagan, of a worshipper of the impotent and finite Jupiter; they flow from those right and lofty conceptions of omnipotence, which the Bible alone can inspire.

The discovery of those general laws, which constitute the harmony of nature, we may also trace to the Bible. Polytheism naturally led its votaries to suppose separate systems, conflicting mechanism, discrepancy and discord in creation; for how could strict unity of plan and operation have been expected among gods of opposing interests and characters? Had Newton been a polytheist, however vast his reach of intellect, he could never have discovered that universal law of gravitation, which binds atom to atom, world to world, system to system, which assigns to the movement of the least grain of sand, on our seashore, an influence on the remotest star in the milky way. No. He inferred, as had preceding *Christian* philosophers, from the unity of God the unity of his creation. His *theology* taught him, as it had his predecessors, that there must be universal, comprehensive laws for the government of the material universe. Some of these laws had been already discovered by Kepler and other faith-enlightened seekers after truth. But it was reserved for Newton, as the most humble, child-like worshipper of Nature's God, to penetrate her inmost recesses, to lay bare her secret springs, to reveal that sublime



and perfect harmony of creation, in the belief of which, *as a Christian*, he would have lived and died, even if, as a philosopher, he had failed to ascertain its laws.

Another principle of revelation, to which modern science owes much of its present perfection, is the infinite benevolence of God. The necessary inference from this doctrine is, that nothing is made in vain, that everything has its use in the economy of animal or human enjoyment, that seeming evil must have a beneficent design and tendency, that pain must be the handmaid of pleasure, that what is in aspect terrific and appalling must be merciful in its aim and result. Pagan science could acquiesce in the belief, that malignant powers were at work, and that unmingled evil existed in the universe. Christian philosophy assumes the benevolent aim and tendency of all things, as the basis of its theories. Thus, in the animal economy, modern naturalists on Christian grounds have assumed that every bone, muscle, nerve, and fibre must have its use; and they have so far made good this assumption, that now, in the harp of thousand strings, it can be determined with entire precision, what note vibrates from each in the diapason of joyous health and buoyant activity. So too, with regard to the more gloomy portions, the awful phenomena, the fierce convulsions of nature, modern philosophy has, solely by inferences from the Christian doctrine of the divine benevolence, spanned with the bow of peace the clouds which were big with terror, and drawn forth voices of gladness from every wrathful conflict of the elements. The lightning, once dreaded as a winding sheet, is now welcomed as a swift-winged minister of health. The eclipse, once feared as an omen of impending desolation and death, is now waited for with longing, as a sublime interlude in the harmony of the spheres. The pathless forest, the sunless cavern, is viewed no longer as the abode of malignant demons, but as the means of shelter, nutriment, and joyous life for numberless animals, which could not elsewhere exist, unharmed and unharmed. Even the volcano, earth's most terrific feature, is but a safety valve to subterranean fires, which, for aught we know, may be our prime source of heat, while the sun is but the means of attracting it to the surface. Thus, in every department of nature is terror dethroned, and benevolence crowned as the presiding genius. Everything is demonstrated to be good in its place, and beautiful in its season; and all through the power of that axiom of the apostle,

now an axiom in science, no less than in theology, "GOD IS LOVE."

In the intellectual sciences also, the Bible has given the germ and the impulse to every new discovery. Mental philosophy assumes, as its foundation truths, the Scripture doctrines of man's spirituality, immortality, and accountability. Ethical writers go to the gospel for their rules and standards. The elements of all sound political science are wrapped up in that grand and simple truth, hidden from the old world, but revealed to us in the Bible, that all men are children of the same Father, subjects of the same providence, invited heirs of the same destiny.

There are yet two departments of science, to which we wish to invite more particular attention, before leaving this branch of our subject. One of these is *ancient history*, which, (as we have already remarked,) in the hands of the ancients themselves, while all its documents and monuments were still extant, was a tissue of fable and absurdity. Its monuments have all crumbled; the greater part of its documents are lost; but yet modern research, guided by revelation, has raised it phoenix-like from its ashes, and infused into it a freshness and reality of life, to which, even in the days of Herodotus, or of Livy, it was a stranger. The early records of Moses fix the date and circumstances of the creation of man, of the origin of the arts, of the rise of nations, all which were wrapped by the Pagan world in fiction, too gross and grotesque to contain even a discernible germ of truth. The Scripture chronology, by its accuracy, furnishes the means of rectifying the self-contradictory and incoherent chronology of heathen writers. The Scripture history runs like a golden thread through the complex web of events, giving completeness, coherency, and unity to what without it would be a mere gossamer texture. Thus we might safely affirm, that an ancient history, composed in conclave by all the eminent historians of Greece and Rome, would bear about the same comparison, in point of fidelity and authenticity, with a modern compend of ancient history, that would be borne by a fashionable historical romance to a literal transcript of the events on which it is founded.

The other case, to which we wish to make particular reference, is that of a science, which in its infancy bade defiance to revelation, but is now in close covenant with it, — we mean *geology*. The earliest modern geologists proudly proclaimed the

unanswerable testimony of nature against the Mosaic account of the creation, and professed to read, in the strata which compose the crust of our planet, a revelation entirely opposed to that of the written word. But they read each with different eyes; they broached the most absurd and puerile speculations concerning the primeval origin of our globe; they exposed their science to ridicule and contempt, and well nigh brought it to an inglorious grave. But just at this epoch a new and better race of inquirers took the inspired historian for the "man of their counsel;" and, as the crippled giant of old received new strength the moment he touched his mother earth, so no sooner had geology embraced the holy mother of science, than she started into new and healthy life and vigorous progress. And now the book of Genesis is received as the basis of geological theories, as a map to guide inquiry, as a divine and perfect compend of results, in which every research and investigation must terminate. Geology and revelation now go hand in hand, geology compensating Moses for the new life, which she has drawn from him, by the clearness, with which she interprets his records, and the resistless proof, which she affords of his inspiration.

II. We pass now to the *fine arts*; and would ascertain the extent of their indebtedness to the inspired volume.

And first we will speak of music. This divine and heaven-taught art early reached, under the religion of the Bible, a fuller maturity, than it ever attained in the Pagan world. The music of classic antiquity was sweet, soft, tender, polished to the last degree of refinement. But it lacked soul, fire, power. It was light and voluptuous in its style. Its syren strains were well suited to the feast and the dance, were the chosen language of earthly love, and floated as a gossamer veil over what was disgusting and repulsive in licentiousness and debauchery. Music was not regarded as an elevated and ennobling pursuit, but simply as an amusement for the idle and the gay, and a solace for the sad; and its cultivation was often left entirely to slaves, as unworthy the dignity of freemen. It formed indeed at times a part of worship; but then it frequently sank below, instead of rising above its wonted tone; for the altars of Bacchus and of Venus demanded lighter and more wanton lays, than were deemed decent for the domestic revel.

But long before the rudest essays of the Attic lyre, the banks of the Red Sea had resounded with the choral anthem

of a nation's gratitude to the God of Abraham, performed with a dignity, majesty, and perfectness of melody, which the theme alone could have inspired, and which no Pagan powers of song could have emulated. And long ere the halcyon days of Grecian minstrelsy, was gathered and established in Judea the most majestic and perfect choir that the world ever saw, a choir composed of the very *élite* of the people, embracing the whole tribe of Levi, arranged with skill and care into separate vocal and instrumental bands, furnished in magnificent profusion with the means of cultivating their sacred art, supplied with music, led in song by the royal minstrel himself. Art too was here employed for a higher purpose than mere amusement. The monarch's harp was one of the most effectual means of elevating his countrymen from the barbarism in which he found them, to the comparative refinement, in which he left them.

"It softened men of iron mould,  
It gave them virtues not their own:  
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,  
That felt not, fired not to the tone.

Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne."

In estimating the dignity and influence of music at this period, it must be borne in mind that the Psalms, now extant in the Bible, constituted for the most part the basis of this majestic national minstrelsy. In modern times, sacred music has been a distinct and superior branch of the art, a branch on all hands allowed to demand purer taste and loftier powers than any other, both in the composer and the performer. To the services of religion we are indebted for the noblest of all musical inventions, the organ, which could not have lent its slow and solemn tones to lighter than sacred lays, and would hardly have been sought out for the performance of profane melodies. Indeed the style of music, which is consecrated to sacred subjects and purposes, could never have existed without religion, or under a religious system less sublime than that of the Bible; for nothing else affords themes of sufficient magnitude and dignity to call it into being. Music is but the transcript in sound of the emotions of the human soul; and it is the immeasurable distance between fervent devotion to the infinite Creator and Father, and the loftiest and purest of earthly passions, that exalts sacred music so vastly above the highest grade of secular music. Thus the great masters of the art have chosen sacred themes, as alone capable of embodying their



conceptions, and doing justice to their powers. Nor could their masterpieces have possibly been suggested, except by the spirit of the Bible; nor would they, now that they are produced, if they could be connected with any other class of themes, excite aught but a painful sense of irrelevancy and perversion. Let us imagine, for instance, the "Dead March in Saul," the "Stabat mater dolorosa" of Pergolesi, or the music of any of our truly sacred tunes or anthems, connected with any words or ideas other than those of fervent devotion; and we shall at once perceive that music owes its highest inspiration, its noblest achievements, solely to the Bible.

We pass now to the arts of design, to painting and sculpture. In these, the superiority of Scripture subjects will appear from the fact, that modern artists have made choice of them, almost to the entire exclusion of those afforded by ancient history and mythology. Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and numerous other celebrated European painters and sculptors, expended all their fire of genius and their intensity of effort, and based their undying fame, on scenes drawn from the world-long drama of man's redemption. And those, of whose culminating stars America's infant Muse grows proud, Allston and Greenough, are following in the same path, and laying deep the foundations of their renown in the religious sensibilities of an admiring world.

Merely physical beauty and grandeur are the highest attributes, that belong to the masterpieces of ancient art yet extant. To unite in an Apollo or a Venus the utmost symmetry of countenance and contour, and grace of attitude, to bring forth in prominent relief the brawny strength and lion-like ferocity of a Hercules, to corrugate with savage sternness the brow of a Jupiter, or (greatest achievement of all) to temper justly the eagle and the dove in the azure-eyed, but hard-featured Minerva; this was the highest aim of those, who in classic days sought the honors of the pencil and the chisel. But to portray the deep workings of the soul, the healing pangs of penitence, the holy calm of resignation, the earnest faith of prayer, the rapture of praise, the sunlight of heavenly love, — to catch and embody in ever-breathing canvass, or marble, those shadowy aspirations, those glimpses of a higher spirituality, which, rare as angels' visits, come and go as on the wings of the wind, — to place before the eye traits of the godlike so warm with life, that the devout cannot gaze without pausing to adore

the Invisible, — this has been the aim and the achievement of none but Christian artists.

Indeed, Christianity has introduced new and more divine forms of beauty and grandeur, even those of which piety in its various modifications is the soul and essence. To illustrate this, we need only name side by side several parallel subjects of classic and of Christian art. Compare then Venus and the Madonna; the former no more than the *belle ideale* of a modern coquette, and incapable of awakening other associations than those, which float around the mazes of the dance or the saloon of fashion; the latter, beaming with the mild light of devotion, a being partaking more of heaven than of earth, subduing the soul into that reverential affection, which we should feel for a chance visitant from a higher sphere; and this, in whatever posture the artist exhibits her, whether receiving with the upturned glance of faith the archangel's benediction, or caressing with a young mother's fondness the infant King of Kings, or standing in mute affliction by the cross, or stooping piteously from her radiant throne to succor trembling suppliants. Compare also the dying gladiator and the dying martyr; the former the personification of bare, brawny strength, with rigid muscles, clenched teeth, stoic brutality of visage, without a ray of moral beauty to relieve the gigantic, amazing, but repulsive outline; the latter, with the light of faith beaming from his eye, the prayer of forgiveness or the song of triumph quivering on his parched lips, his countenance and attitude, that of a victor assuming his laurels, reaching for his crown.

And then the groups, which the sacred scenes of Scripture furnish, how far do they surpass the most vaunted scenes of classic antiquity in grandeur, in pathos, in those elements of moral beauty, that touch the fountain of tears, and awaken the deepest feelings of the heart! We need here barely remind our readers of the Last Supper, as every one has seen it copied from the original of Leonardo da Vinci; and ask whether it be in the painter's power to choose a group, which could on his part demand equal vividness of conception, compass and originality of genius, or skill in execution, or which could so irresistibly entrance the senses, sympathies, and soul of the beholder.

One of the most interesting departments of sculpture is that, whose office it is to adorn the spots consecrated to the ashes of the dead. In this department antiquity was singularly defective, garnishing sepulchres with the exploits of heroes, the wars

of the gods, the effigies of Mercury, or some equally inane and puerile theme, which could never suggest a thought capable of drying a mourner's tears, or of assuaging their bitterness. In a little Swiss church, in a rude hamlet, a few miles from Berne, over the grave of a young and obscure mother and her infant, is erected an infinitely more noble monument of genius, than the mausoleums of all the statesmen and monarchs of Paganism could boast. Over the grave is placed a simple slab, which appears irregularly fractured as from beneath, and so widely cleft as to reveal what lies there; and under it is sculptured the mother in the habiliments of the grave, but with a countenance beaming with pious exultation; on one arm reposes the smiling, sleeping infant, the other is gently uplifted with a gesture of welcome to the descending Redeemer. The sublime conception, which the artist intended to embody, was of that day of final resurrection, when the earth shall quake, the tombs be rent, and the graves of the righteous yield up their dead. Who could gaze at such a monument, without feeling for the moment lifted above the fear and the power of death? Has classic mythology such inspiration for its artists? Before leaving this division of our subject, we would say a word on architecture. Here the Bible prescribes no form, suggests no model. But we are indebted to the religion and the spirit of the Bible, probably for the origin, certainly for the perfection and perpetuity, of the most grand and impressive of the architectural orders, the Gothic. Temples have in all ages been the chief representatives of the prevalent architectural taste and style; and the structure of temples among different nations has always borne a close analogy to the national religion. Thus the cavern is the element of the Egyptian style, and doubtless suggested the low, massive, immense, but tasteless structures, in which ancient Egypt abounded; and it was from the caverns of the earth or the deep, that she sought most of those loathsome deities, whose effigies filled her temples. The Grecian polytheism was anthropomorphic in its character, that is, its gods were in the likeness of men, and were indeed for the most part deified men. The Grecian architecture is accordingly strictly terrestrial in its style. The log cabin, man's first dwelling, was its element; and in all its modifications and refinements it retains the proportions of this element. This style is beautiful, chaste, elegant. By its faultlessness of symmetry it defies criticism. It is admirably

adapted to human mansions and palaces; and diffuses over the dwellings or secular haunts of men an air of good taste and refinement. But it is unspiritual. Its columns and façades have nothing in their contour or arrangement, which can awaken any moral association, any heavenward aspiration, any thought of infinity, immensity, or eternity. It could have connected itself with no other religion, than that with which it was allied, the votaries of which worshipped gods who were altogether such as themselves.

Far otherwise the Gothic order. Its element is nature's noblest temple, the grove; its pointed vaults and arches are derived from the lofty embraces of giant oaks; and its whole character bears the same marks of grandeur with the primeval forests, among which it had its birth. Its essential feature is that, in which lies the very essence of the sublime, namely, that its proportions are too vast to be measured by the observer's eye, and therefore are virtually infinite. In this order, the spires and turrets losing themselves in the clouds, the deep recesses, the dizzy height of the ceilings, the shadowy rows of clustered columns, the mellow light making the whole perspective dim and phantom-like in the distance, all help to constitute a shrine meet for the lowly, awe-stricken worship of Him, who is in part unseen, in part but dimly seen; all awaken the sense of an infinite presence, of power immense, of greatness unutterable. Such a pile, in its solemn grandeur, makes man feel his nothingness before Him, to whom the temple is reared. The Gothic order is thus, in its very idea, aspiring, spiritual, Godward tending. It is the offspring, no less than the perennial fountain, of devotion; and its gorgeous cathedrals and abbeys, the wonder of all lands and climes, are so many gifts of the genius of Christianity to the world, which it is regenerating.

It is a singular fact, and one strikingly illustrative of the foregoing remarks, that, during the brief reign of Atheism in France, the (so called) men of taste instituted a crusade against Gothic architecture, and strove to supplant it by the introduction of Grecian models. Either their disbelief in an Infinite Supreme rendered them incapable of appreciating a style, which is, if we may so speak, man's least finite copy of the infinite; or else they too well knew, that where Gothic temples reared their towers, devotion could not long want a home. But, with the restoration of the ancient worship, returned a taste for the



antique architecture ; and the public buildings, erected during the reign of terror, are now pointed at as ignoble monuments of a grovelling age.

We pass now to poetry, and would fain show, at greater length than our limits will permit, how much this most creative of all arts is indebted to the sacred volume.

And we would first remind our readers, that the Bible itself contains the purest and noblest poetry. Not a gem of fancy sparkles in the diadem of uninspired song, than which a richer and purer of its kind may not be drawn from the treasury of inspiration. An obscure Scotch peasant, calling on business at a gentleman's house in Edinburgh, saw a bust of Shakspeare, and these lines from the *Tempest* inscribed beneath it.

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a rack behind."

The gentleman, seeing the peasant's eyes attracted by these lines, asked him if he had ever seen anything equal to them in sublimity. His reply was just and striking. "Yes, I have. The following passage in the book of Revelation is much more sublime. *And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away, and there was found no place for them.*" But the poetry of Scripture is an exhaustless subject. We will not mar its beauties by attempting a hasty enumeration of them ; but will rather consider the influence which the Scriptures have had on modern poetry.

In the first place, the Bible has made poetry what it is in its design and essence, a universal language. The poetry of the ancient world is strictly local and national. Homer and Pindar, Virgil and Horace are indeed read with interest in every country. But how ? After so long and thorough a process of training in classic mythology and antiquities, that the student not only imbibes the spirit of the times, but almost cherishes the then current belief, and glows with the then current emotions, in fine, becomes, as it were, an alien from his own age and land, and gifted with the citizenship of Athens or of Rome. And he, who reads the classic poets with any preparation short of this, will find his labor lost. But modern poetry may be

read everywhere with interest. It appeals to the heart of man as man ; it throbs in unision with the general pulse ; it strikes chords which can vibrate in every soul. For Christianity is the religion of humanity ; it reveals man to himself ; its truths, though undiscoverable by unaided reason, yet, when brought to light, commend themselves to the common sense and feeling of our race. Thus Christian ideas are universal ideas ; and the colors, which they give to nature, society, the past, and the future, are familiar and congenial to every eye and taste. Thus even descriptive, epic, or historical poetry, though it treat of unknown scenes and personages, if its general tone of imagery and sentiment be of the Christian school, is understood and felt at once by every cultivated mind. In testimony of this, it will suffice to specify the fact, that persons of taste in our own country, though almost utterly ignorant of localities in continental Europe, read with fresh and vivid interest the most strictly local poetry of every European nation.

Again, the social and domestic affections are the finest and purest elements of poetry ; and these affections owe almost all their intensity and elevation to the religion of the Bible. It is Christianity that assigns to woman her equal and honored rank in the social scale, that gives inviolable permanence to the conjugal tie, that affords the shelter and delights of a holy home, with chastity, modesty, and love for its guardian angels, that turns the hearts of fathers to children and of children to fathers, that makes of neighborhoods and communities bands of brethren. These are privileges, for which we are indebted to Him, who revealed the common parentage and common destiny of all men. To his religion therefore do we owe all that poetry, whether ostensibly religious or not, which paints the affections in their utmost degree of refinement and purity.

In this point of view the classics are most of all deficient. Their sketches of the most momentous epochs, and the most pathetic incidents in life, are generally cold and spiritless, betray no feeling in the writer's, awaken none in the reader's soul. To this remark we are well aware that there are striking and beautiful exceptions. But even in these exceptions there is wanting the most lovely element of modern poetry, the breathings of a living faith and an immortal hope. Sorrow refuses to be comforted, nor looks to powers above for relief or solace. Parting friends part without a word of a happy meeting beyond the chances of mortality. The ashes are laid

in the urn, and the funeral hymn is chanted, as over dust that has returned irrevocably to dust, while the spirit has ceased to be. Almost every one is familiar with that celebrated scene in the Iliad, where Hector, about to expose himself anew to the perils of battle, takes an affectionate farewell of his wife and child. What a rayless gloom broods over that parting ! How barren is it of those sentiments and emotions, which play like sunbeams amid the shades of sorrow, and which alone have power to wake the imagination, and to touch the heart in pictures of fictitious woe ! How devoid of noble thought, of fortitude, of magnanimity, of the virtues of a truly high-souled woman, are Andromache's wailings ! And Hector's reply, how tame, how unmanly, how mean-spirited, how far in richness and power of sentiment does it fall below that impassioned enthusiasm of patriotism, unwavering trust, and undying hope, which modern bards have put into the lips of their heroes !

“ Andromache, thy griefs I dread,  
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led,  
In Argive looms our battles to de-sign,  
And woes, of which so large a part was thine ;  
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring  
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.  
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,  
They cry, *Behold the mighty Hector's wife !*  
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,  
Embitters all thy woes by naming me ;  
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,  
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name.  
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,  
Pressed with a load of monumental clay ;  
Thy Hector, wrapped in everlasting sleep,  
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.”

Now, in contrast with this, we will not quote from any of the laurelled names of modern days ; but we will cite a strictly parallel passage, bearing the almost forgotten name of Graham, “ the Sabbath Bard.” The piece represents the same parties as the extract from Homer, a husband, a wife, an infant. The husband and father is about to embark with his wife and child on a perilous voyage.

“ Then come, my lovely bride,  
And come, my child of woe ;  
For, if we've nought on earth beside,  
What matter where we go ?

We heed not earthly powers,  
We heed not wind or weather ;  
For, come what will, this joy is ours, —  
We share it still together.

And, if the storms grow wild,  
And we perish in the sea,  
We'll clasp each other and our child, —  
One grave shall hold the three.

And neither shall remain  
To meet and bear alone  
The grief, the injury, the pain,  
Which we, my love, have known.

And there's a sweeter joy, —  
Wherever we may be,  
Danger nor death shall e'er destroy  
Our trust, O God, in thee.

Then wherefore should we grieve ?  
Or what have we to fear ?  
Though home, and friends, and life we leave,  
Our God is ever near.

Then come, my gentle bride,  
And come, my child of love,  
What though we've nought on earth beside ?  
Our portion is above.

Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep !  
Ye winds, blow foul or fair !  
Our God is with us on the deep, —  
Our home is everywhere."

There is no need of comment. Our own hearts tell us which of these extracts breathes most of the true spirit of poetry. And the former, be it remembered, is from the most lauded specimen of the poetry of the affections, which antiquity has left us, while the latter is chosen almost at random, and bears a name hardly known to fame.

It is in elegiac verse, that we most of all need the inspiring thoughts and hopes, which the Scriptures breathe. The ancients have left us numerous elegies and funeral songs ; but all of them cold, dreary, repulsive, redolent with a charnel-house atmosphere, giving only those lugubrious pictures of wounds, disease, and death, at which the soul sickens, unless they be relieved by the dawns of a higher sphere and a nobler life.



The following is an almost literal translation of the commencement of Bion's well-known elegy on Adonis.

"I mourn Adonis, and the Loves lament him,  
The fair Adonis lies upon the mountains,  
His white thigh wounded with a tusk, with a white tusk ;  
And, as he dies, the graceful Venus grieves.  
The black blood trickles down his snowy limbs ; —  
His eyes within their sockets sink ; — the rose  
Fades from his lips ; — around him dies the kiss,  
Which sorrowing Venus ceases not to give.  
Dear though to him, when living, her embrace,  
Adonis knew not that she kissed him dying."

Now, in contrast with the unmingled sadness and rayless gloom of these lines, we might refer to the commencement of Bishop Heber's well known dirge, as indicating the only class of sentiments, which modern taste can tolerate in a modern elegiac poem.

"Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;  
Thy Saviour hath passed through its portal before thee,  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom."

Thus essential, in a merely poetical point of view, are the sentiments suggested by the Bible to the delineation of the tender affections, and the pathetic scenes of life.

The worth of Scriptural subjects and imagery will still farther appear from the universal appropriation of them by modern poets, whether themselves religiously disposed or not. All the great epics, that have appeared since the Christian era, have been founded on Christian subjects and adorned by Christian imagery. Voltaire's *Henriade* is only a partial exception to this remark ; for, though his principal machinery consists of certain allegorical abstractions, all the finer portions of the poem owe their power and charm to illustrations drawn from the faith, which he blasphemed. Spenser, Milton, Cowper, and, in our days, Montgomery and Coleridge, are but a few of the names forever great, that owe their poetic inspiration solely to the fountains of Solyma. And those poets, who have essayed various classes of themes, have almost always, on Scriptural subjects, surpassed their wonted selves, winged a loftier flight, won a purer fame. This was preëminently the case with Racine, whose classical tragedies are polished, but icy, while his *Esther* and *Athalie* are warm and spiritual, full

of the fire of genius, and of themselves constituting the twin pillars of their author's renown. Even licentious and unbelieving bards, like Moore and Byron, when they have drawn their themes from holy writ, have so far transcended their wonted powers of song, that we might almost suppose the harp to have been for the time wrested from them, and swept by an angel's hand.

But it is time for us to bring these remarks to a close. We have spoken of the indebtedness of modern poetry to the Bible. This view must have even more of truth in the future, than in the past. The time is close at hand, when poetry must depend entirely on the genius of Christianity for its imagery, its vitality, and its power. Poetry has always resorted, and must ever resort, to the region of the unexplored, the inaccessible, the dimly seen, for its themes, its materials, and its fountains of inspiration. Such a region has hitherto been open upon earth. When the whole expanse of nature was as a sealed book, the mystery, which brooded over every scene and event of life, furnished ample scope for the play of poetic fancy. And since the earth has been measured, the deep sounded, and the ordinances of the heavens registered, superstition has still kept open a world of marvel and mystery, on which modern poets have hitherto drawn deeply. But clouds are rolling away from the whole earth. Mystery is everywhere lifting her veil. The terrestrial empire of the unknown and the wonderful is retreating and vanishing, before the resistless progress of truth and fact. Science and knowledge have started imagination from her every earthly covert, and left her no resting place, but in those boundless and exhaustless prospects of the true, the good, the infinite, the eternal, which the Bible brings to view. Poetry then can live only by being baptized into the Holy Spirit, by becoming the handmaid of devotion; nor can the time be far distant, when every lyre shall strike seraphic tones, — when every strain shall breathe of heaven and sing the way.

A. P. P.

## TO YOUNG.

From the German of Klopstock. By C. T. BROOKS.

DIE, prophetic old man, die! for thy branch of palm  
Long hath budded and bloomed; long has the tear of joy  
    Stood in the eyes of immortals,  
    Waiting, trembling to welcome thee.

Still thou tarriest? and hast up to the clouds, e'en now,  
Thine own monument reared! For the freethinker sits  
    Pensive, solemnly watching  
    Those night-hours with thee, and feels

That thy deep-rolling song, bodeful of coming doom,  
Sings prophetic to him, — feels all that Wisdom means,  
    When she speaks of the judgment  
    And the trump that shall wake the dead.

Die! thou hast taught me to know, e'en the dread name of  
    Death  
Like a jubilee-song sounds in a just man's mouth;  
    But still be thou my teacher;  
    Die, and ever my genius be!

---

SKETCHES OF HOPKINSIANISM.

It appears from authentic sources of information, that about twenty-five years ago, the celebrated Dr. Emmons, having passed the age of threescore and ten years, and being apprehensive, that the end of his earthly course was draw-

ing near; and anticipating that after he should die there would be an interment and a funeral discourse; and having a desire, as it was natural he should have, that justice might be done to his memory, which could be expected only from a friendly hand, suggested a wish to Mr. Williams, then a Congregational minister in Providence, that he would undertake that service. Mr. Williams complied, and forthwith composed the Sermon, carried it to Dr. Emmons, read it, and received the Doctor's remarks. This is said to have been done repeatedly; so that we have here, *in fact*, what, many years ago, we had *in fiction*, "a minister preaching his own funeral sermon."\* We undertake not to say that there was any impropriety in all this; and have, in regard to it, only to remark, that we may safely rely on the accuracy and faithfulness of the representations given in the sermon, that Dr. Emmons was (at the least, aimed to be) just such a minister as the sermon describes.

Gathering our materials from this discourse and from other sources, we propose to offer some brief notices of the character and writings of this distinguished man, and of the part taken by a few others, also remarkable men, in the controversies that grew out of the opinions first broached by Dr. Hopkins.

Nathaniel Emmons was born in East Haddam, now Millington, Connecticut, on the first day of May, 1745. He entered Yale College when eighteen years of age, and was graduated four years after, 1767. He closed his college course with blushing honors, having assigned to him the Cliosopfic Oration, delivered at the conclusion of the examination of his class for the Baccalaureate. He then employed four years in studies preparatory to the Christian ministry; two of them with Mr. Strong of Coventry; the other two with Dr. Smalley of Bertin, Connecticut. It is not said, but the fact seems to be implied, that Emmons was educated under the influences of the Old Light School, and studied divinity two years in that connexion; that he then sustained a change in his religious views, and went over to the New Lights. He made his public profession of religion about this time. It has been represented that he passed through a scene of deep mental depression, caused more,

---

\* The Official Character of the Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, D. D. Taught and shown in a Sermon on his Life and Death. By Rev. Thomas Williams, of East Greenwich, Rhode Island.



however, by the difficulties which perplexed his *reason* than by those which thwarted his *heart*. For a considerable time he was in utter darkness. He could not see the rectitude and beauty of God's moral kingdom. "At length," said he, "I thought I saw one gleam of light. Keeping my eye fixed upon it, the brightness seemed to increase. And by steadily looking to that light, it has grown brighter and brighter to the present day." This scrap of Dr. Emmons's religious experience may serve as an index to many chapters and volumes on the same subject. The mistake is often made of regarding the just remonstrances of reason, as being the vile rebellion of the heart. President Edwards states that he remembered the time when, in his youth, the orthodox "doctrines of grace appeared to him *unreasonable and unrighteous*." His moral nature was then unprejudiced. Its dictates were impartial and just. But he was taught to consider them as the murmurs of the carnal mind; that the pride of human reasoning must be put down; that it is the office of humility to be still and submissive. But where is the propriety of silencing the voice of pure *reason*, and misnaming it the rebellion of pride? Do not the Scriptures often appeal to *the reason* of mankind? And is that real and enlightened humility, which gives up the testimony of one's own heart, and bows to the dogma of a reigning creed? It is when the heart bends before the throne of duty and of truth that there is humility; the rest is but self-deception.

Mr. Emmons now took his stand with the New Lights. "He was," says the author of the Funeral Sermon, "the last and the youngest of the old school, the first and the oldest of the new; the wisest and the best of them both." We stop not to inquire about the propriety and truth of this representation. Undoubtedly Emmons was considered a valuable acquisition. He now placed himself under the tuition of Dr. Smalley, of whom Mr. Marsh in his Ecclesiastical History says, he was "a man of astonishing logical powers, and contributed more than any one of his age to the progress of theological science." The New Lights had now gained the ascendancy in the ecclesiastical establishment of Connecticut. The printed works of Edwards, Bellamy, Hopkins, West, and Smalley had done much to lop off the excrescences of their divinity, — which had worked so ill in the great revival of 1740, — and to give it shape, consistency, and strength. It was now wrought

into a scholastic system, a modification of Calvinism, and nearly ripe to be, as it soon was, baptized into a new name, *Hopkinsianism*.

On the 3d day of October, 1769, Mr. Emmons was approved by the South Association of Hartford County, as a preacher of the Gospel, and a candidate for the Christian ministry. "His approbation," says Mr. Williams, "was attended and followed by peculiar difficulties and strong opposition, very painful to his youthful and modest spirit." This opposition must have come from the Old Lights, who, though now fallen into a minority, remembered the day of their strength, and were still formidable to their opponents.

It seems, however, that Mr. Emmons did not preach as a candidate until 1771. In May, 1773, he was ordained in the West Parish of Wrentham, Massachusetts, now the town of Franklin. His reputation was such that he had students in divinity almost from the time of his settlement. Within the first year he preached at the ordination of Mr. Whiting, Rockingham, Vermont, who was a native of West Wrentham. His theological school was the chief organ of Dr. Emmons's influence and reputation. In this post he was greater than he could be in any other. He continued this school about thirty years, and then, when his strength was unabated and his fame at its zenith, he suddenly, and to the surprise of his friends, discontinued it. It was in the spring of 1805, that we repaired to the Emmonian bower for the purpose of enjoying its highly appreciated light and privilege. We then believed there was no other place to be compared with it. Having arrived, we announced to the Doctor our wishes. "And you have come," said he, "to study divinity. But I have no divinity students, and have done taking them." "I did not know that, Sir." "But why did you not know it? I have made known my purpose to educate no more young men for the ministry. There is a prejudice against me that is extensively felt. It does not aid a young minister's reputation, if he has been a student of mine. On the contrary it is a disadvantage; a black mark is set upon him." "But Doctor, may I not tarry with you?" "Why, as you have come and have no convenient means of returning, you may continue here for a time. I have heard of you from Mr. S. You tell me that he says that you must study divinity with me. He is a mighty man for dictation. You may go to Deacon Blake's, and there I

think you can obtain a boarding house." This we did, and for a season enjoyed the privilege of Dr. Emmons's tuition.

Whether the reason assigned to us by Dr. Emmons was the principal one for the discontinuance of his school, is rather problematical. We have never heard from any other source that it had become a mark of unpopularity to have been a student of Dr. Emmons. He was prone to be jealous on the subject of public opinion toward himself. He often made great mistakes in construing little incidents into marks of disrespect, where none was intended. It had produced many little flare-ups between him and his students. These were, however, but momentary; a short explanation generally restored harmony and good feeling. But in one then recent case the issue had been more serious. The Doctor had accused a student of insulting him. They were sitting at the dining table. The young man, conscious of his innocence and having a sensitive spirit, repelled the imputation. "I have not insulted you, Dr. Emmons, but you have insulted me by making this groundless charge, and I will no longer be an inmate of your house." He immediately rose from the table, and hastily prepared for his departure. The Doctor, sensible of his own mistake, now endeavored to sooth and detain him, but he was inflexible, and soon disappeared.

This unpleasant occurrence, perhaps more than any other thing, induced Dr. Emmons to take the resolution to give up his school. Aware of his infirmity, he wished to avoid the occasions of its manifestation. The Doctor's students regarded him with profound veneration, and retained it to the latest period of life. Though every one may have had some experience of their master's constitutional foible, it did not diminish their high estimation of his worth. And this remark may be extended to his parishioners and others about him. On a certain time, while at dinner with some half a dozen men who were that day laboring on his farm, the Doctor manifested deep displeasure, and left the room. But what it was that gave the offence it was impossible for them, after much discussion among themselves, to determine. He once, on the Sabbath, broke off in the midst of his sermon, declaring that he would not preach to so stupid an audience, took his hat, descended from the pulpit, and retired from the meeting-house. Of this character were the Doctor's peccadillos. And happy the man to whom no greater faults can be ascribed.

The sermons of Dr. Emmons were run in one mould. They had, first, a short formal introduction; then a doctrine was announced; this was followed by the annunciation of the general divisions, the subdivisions being noticed in their several places; last and greatest was the "Improvement," which generally amounted to one half of the whole discourse, and was divided, under numerical heads, into a long series of inferences and reflections. Dr. Emmons made great account of this form of sermonizing, especially the *inferences*. He always observed it with scrupulous exactness, having double sermons, one text for a whole Sabbath, and the afternoon discourse consisting entirely of inferences. This was the chief distinction of the Emmonian model, as it differed from that of Dr. Blair. It was much followed by the Doctor's pupils, agreeably to their master's special counsel. The plan doubtless has some advantages. It is mechanical. Sermons are fabricated more easily upon this model than upon any other. It often admits the substitution of words for things. The spaces are often occupied with mere commonplace, inserted for the sole purpose of filling up. Some points are proposed to be proved which need no proof; others to be illustrated which cannot be made plainer. The introduction is, perhaps, as often a mere superfluity as a requisite preliminary. The divisions frequently stand on verbal distinctions, and afford small aid to a just exhibition of the main sentiment. Definitions are proposed and labored, which might be either omitted or disposed of in a single sentence. Inferences are studiously sought after and multiplied, many of which are extraneous and impertinent. Inspiration is dispensed with; dull mechanism substituted in its place. But why should every sermon be a *ten or twenty headed* piece of intellectual manufacture? Very true it is, that a just and clear method deserves to be regarded as indispensable. It is, however, a different thing from mechanical and verbal divisions. These sometimes create more confusion than they remove. Such divisions are easily made, but a happy method is, oftentimes, a thing of difficulty, and can be gained only by a laborious stretch of active and patient contemplation.

The personal character of Dr. Emmons is too well known to render more than a few words necessary. That he was eminent both for endowments and acquisitions, that he was a worthy and a good man, it would be superfluous to say. This,



by all is readily acceded to. But how does he compare with other distinguished men of his own age and country? On this point there may be considerable discrepancy of opinion. Mr. Williams pronounces him the Coryphæus of all New England, the past and the present. The Edwardses, the Hopkinses, and the Bellamys are placed below him. Not many, we conclude, will accord with this judgment. We should not, probably, do Dr. Emmons any injustice, if we say that he possessed not the matchless strength of the first Edwards, nor the rich learning of the second; nor the profound depth of Burton; nor the well balanced understanding of Bellamy and Hopkins. It has often been said that "Emmons could manage an argument with incomparable skill." He never dared, however, though virtually challenged, and that repeatedly, to try his strength with Dr. Burton. And he acted wisely to decline. Dr. Emmons made too many false issues to entitle himself to the name of a first-rate reasoner or metaphysician. None, perhaps, of all his admirers could adopt all his peculiar sentiments. And most of those, who did adopt them in their youth, outgrew them as they advanced in years. He was ingenious, bold, and independent. That was the individuality of the man. His ingenuity was inexhaustible. His moral courage was literally heroic. In conscientious, modest independence, he had no superior. He formed his opinion from his own resources, and then frankly avowed it. He never shrunk from adopting a new view, when it appeared to him in the light of truth, however startling the consequences; nor was he afraid to declare it, though reputed heretical. It was not in him to consent to wear fetters, or to walk in Chinese shoes. Always orthodox, yet his orthodoxy was his own. On certain points, it would not, perhaps, have saved any other man.

His peculiar talent lay in the composition of sermons. They are incomparable for their perspicuity; as transparent in their dress as they are solid and weighty in their contents. The Doctor was always at his table, and his employment there was writing sermons. He gave to the public some three hundred. With the exception of two controversial pamphlets against Dr. Hemmenway, on the subject of church membership, the closing battle of the one hundred years half-way-covenant war, he published nothing but sermons. The last of them, produced when the author was above eighty years old, is on the subject of Congregationalism. He always stood firmly to

this, in preference to Presbyterianism and Episcopacy, being ever the staunch friend of rational liberty. On this principle he disapproved of all clerical associations, except those for mutual improvement. He viewed them as dangerous to individual freedom.

Dr. Emmons possessed remarkable modesty and good temper. On this account he had no detractors; no enemies. He never provoked a man by speaking of him with bitterness or injustice. The consequence was, that no one ever spoke evil of him. And as while living there was no one to stigmatize his name, so now dead, there surely will be none to hate his memory.

The biography of Dr. Emmons is nearly identified with the history of Hopkinsianism. He entered on the stage of public life about the time that *New-Lightism* was receiving its new designation. Of course he saw its birth, its life, and its burial. During the thirty years of its existence, he was Leader of the host. While Hopkins, Bellamy, and the second President Edwards were yet in the field, the name of Emmons eclipsed them; for he was more the working-man, and thus put forth the stronger influence. As Dr. Emmons's students came "from every quarter," so, returning thither, they became settled ministers in all the northern States of the Union. And when they were consecrated to the service of the altar, it was generally their master who preached the ordination sermon. These occasions were an important means both of extending the Hopkinsian doctrine, and of elevating the reputation of the minister of Franklin. He paid great attention to the composition of these discourses. They are the best specimens of all his works. While friends admired and extolled, adversaries were seldom offended, and instead of dispraise, usually accorded to them the merit of much ingenuity and talent. As early as 1790, Hopkinsianism was realizing its palmy days. It had nearly swallowed up all accredited orthodoxy. It had few opposers, except the Liberals and Arminians. The Hopkinsian ministry became a "Spartan band," active, untiring, confident, burning with zeal, and inspirited with courage. Every year added strength to their ranks. The prospect before them looked clear, wide, and cheering.

The hopes, however, which this state of things excited, were not destined to be all fulfilled. Hopkinsianism died out before

Dr. Emmons was laid in his grave. The late Father West, of New Bedford, was in the habit of saying that it should have been named *Emmonianism*. But admitting it had been thus called, its ephemeral existence could not, on the whole, have added much to the satisfaction of the man whose name it briefly honored, but has so totally failed to immortalize.

But by what causes was the progress of Hopkinsianism arrested? Why did so "bright a morning turn to a dark and cloudy day?" We will mention two. First; it was shaken and debilitated by schism; second; it was unfitted for durable popularity. The schism was threefold; three branches springing from the same trunk; "The Exercise Scheme," the "Taste Scheme," and the "Obedience Scheme of Atonement." Of the first scheme Dr. Emmons was the pioneer; of the second, Dr. Burton, of Vermont; of the third, David Sanford, of Medway, Massachusetts.

The Hopkinsians were addicted to inquiry and speculation. Many points of their doctrine could be explained and defended only by making subtle distinctions; by spinning hairs and then splitting them. "By reason of use, they had their senses exercised" and trained to the work of discrimination. In their controversy with the Arminians, on the subject of predestination and free will, they were obliged to resort to the nicest distinctions for the detection of a flaw in their adversaries' argument, and for the confirmation of their own. Thus was their eyesight sharpened. And a man with sharp eyes sometimes looks at himself. In due time, the Hopkinsians began to look at themselves; to examine their own positions. The spirit of inquiry had always been rife among them. Unlike Catholics and Jesuits, they had never taken the vows of implicit faith and unquestioning obedience. It was a principle with them, to receive and defend truth because it was truth, and not merely because it was orthodoxy. The Hopkinsian system had too many weak points to endure close examination; to stand hard racking. It could not itself bear the severe scrutiny which it was in the habit of exercising upon other systems. When, therefore, without prejudice, they examined certain of their own dogmas, dissent and schism was the consequence.

We have said that Dr. Emmons was the pioneer of the "Exercise Scheme." In the Arminian controversy, the point frequently came up, what relation does the human soul sustain to the great First Cause? The Arminians regarded the soul



of man, — which was man himself, — as *a real structure*; something endowed with a constitution, possessed of certain powers both of action and susceptibility. The Orthodox, though they did not expressly deny this, yet in maintaining their positions of entire dependence on the part of man, and of absolute predestination and sole efficiency on the part of God, did, in effect, annihilate all human ability. Dr. Hopkins was understood to maintain the doctrine, that God was the author of sin. And he inferred the doctrine from the assumed fact, that all power is in God, and none in the creature. Still, however, he did not repudiate the sentiment, so generally entertained, that the human soul is, in itself, a creation, and has an existence prior, at least in the order of nature, to the acts and affections of which it is the subject. Dr. Emmons became aware of the inconsistency of allowing the soul to be a constitutional structure, and yet disallowing it any real power. He, therefore, boldly renounced the common-sense doctrine of the soul's being a previous structure, and maintained that *ideas, exercises, impressions*, were themselves ultimate facts in man; that nothing stood between them and the Almighty First Cause; that the human soul, itself, was nothing other than *a series of exercises* proceeding from God. Such was the Emmonian psychology. On this ground it was easy to maintain the dogmas of universal predestination, entire human dependence, the sovereignty of God, and all others which belong to the Calvinian system. And though it conflicted most inveterately with every man's consciousness of individuality and responsibility, yet this theory was extensively adopted and defended. Dr. Emmons's pupils, almost to a man, and with them many others, regarded it as sound doctrine, and employed it as a powerful engine both to make assaults and to parry off the attacks of their adversaries.

Dr. Asa Burton, of Thetford, Vermont, next to Dr. Emmons, was the most popular theological tutor in New England. In ingenuity and fearlessness he did not come up to the stature of his rival, but in depth and caution, far exceeded him. He took a broader and correcter view of the relations which one thing bears to another, and examined a doctrine on its own separate merits. If it could not stand on these, let it fall to the ground. It has then "gone to its own place."

A palpable distinction had long been made, in the Hopkinsian school, between *natural* and *moral* power; that Man, in



his natural state, possessed the former, but not the latter ; that he was physically able to repent of sin and to become holy, but not morally. This distinction served a great purpose. It was, therefore, asserted and urged with the utmost earnestness and zeal ; for without it Orthodoxy could not be successfully defended. Without it, the cause became hopeless and lost. But the discriminating mind of Dr. Burton saw that it was a distinction without a difference. That it was *verbal* not *real*. The power in question was not, in any case, *available*, and therefore it was nothing. An unavailable power is no power at all.

There was, in bygone days, a favorite story which circulated on the tongues of the learned and Orthodox in New England. It told that Dr. Chauncy, the cotemporaneous antagonist of President Edwards, was heard to say ; "I read Mr. Edwards's new book on the Freedom of the Human Will, and though I believed that the conclusion at which he arrived was erroneous, yet I could not detect the spot where the error lay. I therefore determined to review the whole treatise, having this object constantly before me, to find out where the wrong step was taken. But after doing all this, I am still in the dark. I feel sure that there is a great error somewhere, but it is not in my power to detect it." So much for the story. We come now to a matter of fact. Dr. Burton did detect the great error in President Edwards's celebrated work. It consisted in employing the term, *will*, in two senses, so materially different the one from the other, that two distinct faculties of the mind are denoted by it. President Edwards, like other psychologists of his own times and of all former time, had distinguished but two general powers of the human mind, which they named *the Understanding* and *the Will*. Both these general powers performed various offices ; had different modifications of action. To the Will was referred all such mental phenomena as desire, inclination, appetite, taste, tendency, affection, passion, and choice. To love a thing, and to choose a thing, was the same. Whatever a man loved, he chose to love ; and whatever he hated, he chose to hate ; he both loved and hated because he chose so to do. This was the doctrine of the schools. But it never was the doctrine of the common sentiments and dictates of men. They all could feel the error, but it was not easier for them, than it was for Dr. Chauncy, to unravel the web and pick the knot. This service, perhaps, had

never been done in a clear and philosophic manner, until it was accomplished by Dr. Burton. He discriminated between *the sensibilities* and *the will*. The power of feeling, and the power of choosing, were distinct faculties. No man can love a thing merely by choosing to love it. He must possess the previous and requisite sensibilities. Hence, in a moral agent, such as man, there must be three distinct, general faculties; Understanding, Sensibilities, and Volition. Dr. Burton called the sensibilities, *taste*. Hence his theory of three general faculties, and of the distinction between the will and the affections, was called "The Taste Scheme." The doctrine was rather psychological than religious. Its element was an important truth in mental science, but a great heresy in Hopkinsian Divinity. It exploded the fondly cherished and the much depended-on sentiment, that a perfect natural power in constitutional man was consistent with his entire moral inability. Dr. Burton, being an honest and consistent Calvinist, acknowledged that natural man did not possess the faculties requisite to enable him to love God and become holy. Others, besides the pupils of Dr. Burton, embraced his doctrine. And thus came up the first schism in the ranks of the "Spartan band," of which Dr. Samuel Hopkins once, when near his decease, felicitated himself that he was the leader and the head.

Nor was this the only evil of its kind. Another came up simultaneously with it, on the subject of the atonement. The Hopkinsian mind had a strong tendency to generalization. Thus they had reduced all moral holiness to the principle of benevolence; and all moral evil to that of self-love. With them there must be some one simple thing, which rendered a being, or an action, either good or evil. And there must be some one thing, which constituted the Atonement necessary and effective. But in studying the standard works of Protestant Doctors, Calvin, Turrentin, Petavius, and others, they found that the doctrine of the Atonement was made strong on two principles, merit and satisfaction. The obedience of Christ was *meritorious*, and was passed over to the account of the believer. The death of Christ was *expiatory*, making satisfaction to Divine Justice, and thus released the believer from his dreadful debt; from condemnation. Hence, the distinction between the active and the passive obedience of Christ. But this twofold principle did not fulfil the demand of the Hopkinsian mind for simplicity. It would have but one of the two; and the question was,

which of them? Is it merit or satisfaction? Either of them alone is sufficient to answer the purpose. Satisfaction, by removing guilt and the wages of sin, of course, places the believer in perfect safety. "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." Merit, also, alone, will accomplish the same object. What has a person to fear, to whom is accounted the merit of having perfectly fulfilled all the law of God? There is, certainly, no need of both merit and satisfaction. For what does a man owe who has paid up every demand? And what has a man to fear who has, by his substitute, borne the penalty of every transgression? The subject of the Atonement standing in this light, it is no matter of wonder that some should make their election of one principle, and some of the other. The majority adopted the satisfaction doctrine. A minority preferred the principle of merit. The leading man of this division was David Sanford, of Medway, in Massachusetts. Mr. Sanford was a clergyman of great dignity and excellence of character; in his personal appearance and manner of preaching, much more popular than either Dr. Emmons or Dr. Burton. He, as well as they, had Divinity students. Others, also, embraced the sentiment. Mr. Remely, of Newport, New Hampshire, composed and published an ingenious argument, expounding and defending "the Obedience Scheme of the Atonement."

We have said that it was not strange, in view of the circumstances of the case, that this division should have arisen. But, did we not know the unreasonable tenacity of the sectarian spirit, we might be surprised at the zeal with which the "Obedience Scheme" was resisted by its opponents. Emmons and Sanford, members of the same [the Mendon] Association, would at their meetings assault each other with the vehemence of antagonist knights. Yet they were both men of much Christian mildness and forbearance; and neither of them could justly accuse the other of, even constructively, making void any part of the work of Christ, our Redeemer. For according to the one, the Saviour's passive obedience, his death, went in full to the enhancement of his *merit*; and according to the other, all the active obedience of Christ went to the enhancement of the *expiation* made by his death. Both parties were agreed in respect to all the facts included in the great work of redemption. The parties, however, especially the abettors of expiation, thought the difference to be a matter of



the very highest importance. The death of Christ, as a sacrifice, said they, is the very pivot on which the salvation of man entirely depends.

And it deserves to be further noticed, that the more enlightened of the party not only admitted, but they openly declared, that the language, commonly employed on the subject of the Atonement, should be understood only in a peculiar and partial acceptance. That when it said, Christ paid the debt; bore the penalty of the law; obeyed and suffered in our room and stead; the expressions are not to be literally understood. For sin and holiness, guilt and desert, reward and punishment, are inherently and necessarily *personal*; they cannot be *transferred* from one person to another. Moreover, the real penalty they held to be eternal destruction, and this the Saviour certainly did not suffer. "The room and stead" doctrine was extensively renounced; and the death of the Mediator, now denominated variously, "an equivalent; an expedient; an example," &c. The explanation of the Atonement theory became as much mystified as that of the Trinity. Known words were to be used in an unknown sense. A line was to be recognised which was acknowledged to be invisible. All this evinced that the Hopkinsian mind was inquisitive; it was verging toward the light, though not with a single eye and an unprejudiced heart.

If the schism on the point of the Atonement did something to debilitate the phalanx of Hopkinsianism, that on the point of man's natural power did this to a much greater extent. It put on Orthodoxy a most forbidding aspect. It was easy for Dr. Burton and those with him to contend with their Orthodox brethren, and to silence them. They had only to say to them, Your natural power is no power at all; it is not available, as you acknowledge, in a single instance, nor in the least degree. *We* give the natural man as much endowment and as great a chance as *you* do. The Emmons men could not deny this. But the uninitiated and unprejudiced would deny, and demand, what propriety can there be in a doctrine, which destroys the balance between a man's obligations and his resources; between what a man *ought* to do, and what he *can* do? Is not God a reasonable Master? If not, how can he judge the world in righteousness?

Hopkinsianism had other forbidding aspects. It pushed the doctrine of Divine Predestination to a point of ultraism that



was startling and intolerable. "Every man was made, infrustrably, either for salvation or for perdition. Every man's character, and every act of his life, whether good or evil, had been fixed upon from eternity by Him whose counsel shall certainly stand. Every man, remaining unregenerate, is constantly accumulating guilt, working out his ruin, making himself more and more a vessel of wrath." These sentiments could not long be made popular, or even endurable, in any place, or with any people. Hopkinsianism, moreover, had lost its revival spirit and power. It had now become a scholastic, metaphysical system. Such, however, was not its origin. It grew out of the New Light; and this was identical with *revivalism*. So it was in the days of Cotton, Wheelwright, and Mrs. Hutchinson; likewise in the days of Edwards, Whitefield, and Davenport. Twice it had burned itself out into darkness. Still, however, it had learned, gifted, and substantial supporters. Such were Edwards, Bellamy, Buel, Wheelock, Pomeroy, and their coadjutors. Disappointed, grieved, but not disheartened, they sat down to their writing tables and composed treatises, small and great, for strengthening the foundations which had been broken up. They yet looked for the clear shining of the New Light, and obscuration of the Old; and their labors wrought effect. The New Light doctrine grew into Hopkinsianism, an ingenious, elaborate, and scholastic form of Calvinian theology. But its growth in metaphysical lore deprived it of its power to excite and sustain revivals. It was by means of these that Hopkinsianism had extended and sustained itself. But in its adaptation to promote revivals, Hopkinsianism could not stand advantageously by the side of Methodism. The disciples of Hopkins were but second best in competition with those of Wesley. They dealt out too much of the indigestible strong meat of Calvinism, to act the part of successful evangelizers and revivalists.

We have mentioned a three-fold schism in the Hopkinsian ranks; it might have been extended to five. The Satisfaction division separated into two parties; one of which, having Dr. Joseph Huntington, of Coventry, at its head, adhered in full to the old "Room and stead" doctrine; the other, with the second President Edwards for its leader, embraced the new and modified views. Each of these distinguished men put forth a publication to explain and defend his position. The adherents to the "Exercise" scheme were also divided. Dr. Emmons with a part of his school contended, that the soul could be the subject

of but *one exercise at a time*. When it had a good thought, a bad one could not be simultaneous with it. The soul was then perfectly holy. A doctrine very consistent certainly with the theory, that the soul itself is but a thread of thoughts, concatenated by an uninterrupted succession. Dr. Smalley, who had been tutor to Dr. Emmons, disclaimed this sentiment of his former pupil, and published reasons for rejecting it. Dr. Smalley regarded the soul as being a real structure, distinct from its acts, although accountable only for the latter. The "Taste-scheme men," holding the soul to be a real structure, maintained its responsibility not so much for its *acts*, as for the *sensibilities* which started them into being.

Such being the divisions and subdivisions of the Hopkinsian body, we have little cause for wonder, that it was destined to find an early grave. "A house divided against itself cannot stand, but hath an end." Yet with all its imperfections on its head, Hopkinsianism was no contemptible thing. It was the natural creature of the circumstances and influences which brought it forth, inspired it with life for a season, and then compelled it to give up the ghost. During a brief life, it executed a useful and important mission. It went out of the world leaving in it a meliorated condition of things, very different from what it found. The Hopkinsians set an example of inquiry and investigation worthy of imitation and praise. While it was this that split them into varieties, it efficiently aided the cause of truth. They attacked many errors which had long been sanctified by their connexion with Orthodoxy. Such, surely, were the doctrines of hereditary guilt; imputed righteousness; condemnation for unavoidable deficiencies; the partiality of God in electing and reprobating individuals irrespective of their lives; faith without works as the condition of acceptance with God, and the expiatory character of the great Christian sacrifice. For though the Hopkinsians, as a denomination, did not renounce all these unreasonable and unscriptural dogmas, yet individuals among them rejected, some one, some another. Dr. Emmons and his school repudiated the doctrine, that men are responsible for anything but their own acts, or that they can be justified on any other ground, than that of personal righteousness. Mr. Sanford stood against the doctrine of penal satisfaction. Dr. Edwards set at nought the doctrine of transfer and substitution. Dr. Huntington protested against the doctrine of partial election, contending that

God is equally the merciful Father of all his people. Dr. Burton effectually exposed the shallowness and futility of that philosophy, which makes actual thoughts and volitions to be *ultimate facts* in the spiritual world. And here are all the elements of a liberal and just theology. And though no Hopkinsian gathered the whole of them into his creed, for in so doing he would have been accounted an apostate, yet to have adopted and avowed them singly was making progress toward the goal of truth. Each of the Hopkinsian varieties broke ground against some of the strongly entrenched dogmas of a narrow and dominant system. Notwithstanding all their subtleties of speculation and extravagance of doctrine, the Hopkinsians made a better use of philosophy than had ever yet been done by any theological school, within the wide and long-standing realm of Christendom. Their prominent faults, as we have just intimated, were an undue subtilty of ratiocination and an extravagance of doctrine, especially on the subject of predestination and Divine agency, which amounted to a form of pantheism. But with all this aberration, the Hopkinsian ministry, as a body, were men of very commendable character and habits; vigilant, faithful, and affectionate pastors; conscientious, diligent, and intrepid teachers of what they believed to be the true import of the oracles of God. In them, and by them, was there a true manifestation of the genuine New England spirit, which, looking before as well as behind, is impatient of confinement, and refuses, knowingly and willingly, to wear trammels, whatever be their polish and antiquity. It was the genius of Hopkinsianism that stayed and dried up the flood of open and gross Antinomianism, which, during the middle period of the eighteenth century, raised its swelling waves and dashed them impetuously on the shores and mountains of New England. This good service, more than by any other, was performed by Bellamy. We intend not to say that he "purged out all the old leaven." For, doubtless, it is, in a degree, inseparable from the technical doctrines of grace; so that where there is pure prevailing Calvinism, there will be some lurking Antinomianism; but he, at least, commenced the work of a great and effectual reformation.

S. F.

## BURIAL OF THE SEED.

From the German. By C. T. BROOKS.

Now, my seed, thy grave is made;  
In thy silent chamber laid,  
Thou mayst slumber lightly:  
May the sun his radiance lend,  
And the dews of heaven descend  
On thy pillow nightly.

Couldst thou speak, thou gentle one,  
Couldst thou feel what I have done,  
Thou wouldst whisper, weeping,  
"Ah, green earth and bright blue skies  
Never more may greet my eyes,  
All in darkness sleeping."

Yet sleep on, thou seedling dear;  
Sweetly sleep, nor dream of fear;  
Soon from slumber waking,  
Once again shalt thou behold  
Morning sunlight, bright as gold,  
O'er the green earth breaking.

I at last must sink like thee;  
Hands of love shall bury me,  
Heaping cold earth o'er me;  
But when God, from yonder skies,  
Bids the slumbering dead arise,  
May I wake to glory!



## BURNAP'S LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY.

ONE of the best books ever published in this country on the general views of the Unitarians, and the support they derive from reason and Scripture, is Mr. Burnap's "*Lectures on the Doctrines of Christianity in Controversy between Unitarians and other Denominations of Christians*," which appeared in 1835; a work to which, as we think, and we are not alone in the opinion, justice has never been done in our public journals. We cannot point to the book we would sooner put into the hands of one, who should be desirous to know what Unitarianism is, and how it is defended. Mr. Norton's "*Statement of Reasons*," a work unsurpassed and unapproached in its kind, contains a discussion of only certain points of the controversy, those relating especially to the "*Nature of God, and Person of Christ*." Other points of difference have been stated and argued in books, pamphlets, and sermons, among which, passing over those of a more recent date, we may mention Dr. Ware's *Letters addressed to Trinitarians and Calvinists in reply to Dr. Woods*, and Sparks's *Inquiry into the Comparative Moral Tendency of Trinitarian and Unitarian Doctrines*.

But besides that no one of these covers, or professes to cover, the whole ground, portions of them, having more immediate reference to the occasion which called them forth, are too purely controversial to be generally and permanently interesting. For popular use Mr. Burnap's, we repeat, is the best book on the subject now to be had. We considered it at the time as meeting the wants of the public more fully than any existing work; and certainly there has been nothing published since, explaining what Unitarianism is and defending it, which is to be compared with it in point of general merit and utility.

We are aware that this is using somewhat strong language, but not stronger, we believe, than truth warrants. We have never met a person who has attentively read the book of Mr. Burnap, who has not freely admitted its singular merit. It is true, it necessarily partakes in a degree of a controversial character; but in its topics and illustrations it has little or nothing which can be considered as merely local and temporary.

One of its great merits is its originality. Mr. Burnap gives evidence throughout that he has thought, and read the Scrip-

tures, for himself. He has borrowed nothing ; he does not repeat the common arguments and illustrations ; he makes very little use of other men's ideas. He not unfrequently passes over texts often appealed to by former writers, or if he takes notice of them, he generally points to something in them which multitudes will be conscious of never having before noticed, and which gives the argument drawn from them a freshness and force equally striking and beautiful. On the other hand, he continually surprises the reader by an appeal to passages, which had been heretofore perhaps passed by as having nothing to do with the subject, but which, as it is soon made to appear, furnish evidence of the strongest kind, and the rather as it is wholly incidental. In this respect it resembles the evidence adduced for a different purpose by Paley, in his celebrated *Horæ Paulinæ*.

This is one of the distinguishing features of the book, which may possibly have escaped the notice of the mere cursory reader. But let any one, we care not who, take up the volume and read carefully a few pages, relating, for instance, to the Trinitarian controversy, a topic hacknied enough, we venture to affirm that he will find it as we say. He will be made to see new force and significancy in language, which he has perhaps read a hundred times, without ever thinking of it in connexion with the subject on which, as he now perceives, it has a direct and intimate bearing ; and he will wonder that he had never before viewed it in this light, which now seems to him perfectly natural and obvious.

In thus speaking of a former production of Mr. Burnap, we are sensible that we are doing him but tardy justice ; but we could not suffer the occasion to pass without recording our conviction, which we know to be the conviction of many minds, of the great merit of the work, especially its freshness and originality, united with discriminating thought and searching criticism.

Mr. Burnap has since laid the public under obligation to him by the publication of *Lectures to Young Men*, and *Lectures on the Sphere and Duties of Woman*, both of them works written with ability, abounding in sound and vigorous thought, and altogether free from the extravagance which marks too much of the literature of the day. We know not what the success of these publications has been ; but they are books we could wish to see extensively circulated and read, as fitted to

give just views of life, and help in forming a correct taste, and inspiring in the breasts of those to whom they are addressed elevated sentiments, and a high moral aim. Such books are useful in these times to correct the many silly notions, but too prevalent, on the subject of education and life, and especially to counteract the tendency of much of the fashionable reading of the day, the effect of which is anything but salutary.

The recently published work of Mr. Burnap, which has furnished the occasion of the above remarks, he calls "*Lectures on the History of Christianity.*" We are not quite satisfied with the title. It does not clearly mark the character of the work, and may lead the reader to expect what he will not find. The general history of Christianity, in its progress and effects in different ages, is not treated at all in the volume. The author does not come down below the apostolic age and writings. He gives a history of the introduction of Christianity into the world, with some notices of its character and records, of the state of the world, of opinions and philosophy at the time, with various other matters, all tending to show what there is peculiar in the religion of Jesus, and the circumstances of its early diffusion.

The Lectures are not all of equal merit; but they may all be read with interest; and it is impossible to read them without having trains of thought awakened in one's mind, which it will be found profitable to pursue, and without being convinced that the writer has attentively studied the writings of the New Testament, and gives the results of his own independent inquiry and thought. It is pleasing to find that the author does not write as a sectarian. In truth, he has that just abhorrence of sectarianism which marks a refined intellect, that has drunken largely at the pure fountain of Christ's teaching, rather than at the turbid streams which flow in the writings of theologians.

It is but fair, however, to let the author speak for himself. He thus writes in his Preface.

"Believing as I do, that the Scriptures contain a revelation from God, and that they are the main source of all that is most valuable in modern civilization, the only sure ground of hope for man here and hereafter, I have ever esteemed them the worthiest subject of study and investigation. To understand the sacred records completely, and to comprehend the wisdom of the Divine plan, which arranged the time, the place, and the circumstances of the advent of the Author and Finisher of

our faith, has never been granted to any human mind. To the understanding of this most interesting subject any original inquirer may contribute something, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that no particle of truth is ever lost. However humble the source from which it emanates, it is cast into the common treasury of the human mind, and does something to help forward the grand approximation towards the truth, which is constantly going on while the ages roll away.

"The first requisite to the understanding of the New Testament is a thorough knowledge of the circumstances, opinions, and expectations of the age of Christ and the Apostles. When these are ascertained, the darkest passages become plain and intelligible. We learn immediately to draw the necessary distinction between substance and form, between the essential truths of Christianity, and the mode of representation by which they were adapted to a particular people, between figures of speech and literal statements, between logical proof and analogical illustration, between the language of the heart and affections and that of the reason and intellect, between what is fundamental and eternal, and what is accessory and transitory.

"But the most precious fruit of biblical research is the entire prostration of the walls of sectarian prejudice and exclusiveness. No one can proceed far without discovering, that the principal controversies, which have divided the church, have been upon points either unimportant in themselves, or entirely foreign to Christianity. A moderate degree of critical learning, combined with any measure of candor and fairness, would suffice, either to settle most of the controversies in existence, or to demonstrate that it is of little importance which way they are decided." — *Preface*, pp. iii – v.

The first Lecture relates to the Mosaic Dispensation, and the various influences to which the minds of the Jews were subjected, the effects of which were visible on their literature, character, and habits of thinking. The second begins with the following just statement. "No one can open the New Testament without perceiving, not only that the world has changed since the closing of the Old, but that it has advanced. No one can read the first discourse of Christ, for instance, without discovering that it is adapted to a much higher state of intellectual cultivation than any part of the Old Testament. One is addressed to the childhood, the other to the maturity of man." The object of the Lecture is to show how this "intellectual advancement" was brought about, and the attention of



the reader is directed to the influence of the Greek literature and philosophy, which "made part of the preparation of the world for the advent of the Redeemer."

The next five Lectures treat of the Persian Empire, and the effects of the captivity on the Jewish mind and character; the conquests of Alexander and the Romans, and their results; the character of the Pagan religions; the religion of the Jews, and Jewish sects. The account of the origin and services of the Synagogue, in the sixth Lecture, will be read with interest, as our modern preaching, text and all, may be directly traced back to those time-honored services; and in truth, "the Synagogue was the cradle of Christianity."

"I turn now from the temple to the synagogue. Though the provisions under the first temple for worship may seem to us ample, those for religious instruction, compared with our present usages, must appear deficient. There is a tradition that this was the opinion of the Jews themselves after their return from the Babylonish captivity. It is said, that during their exile, they were led to reflect on the causes of their awful apostacy from Jehovah. And among them occurred as one of the most prominent, the ignorance into which they had fallen of the laws of Moses, and the fundamental principles of their religion. After their return they attempted to remedy the evil by building synagogues, or places of assembly, in every town and village throughout the country.

"A more probable account of the matter to my mind is, that after their return from Chaldea the difficulties of imparting religious instruction were greatly increased, and roused them to new efforts. The Hebrew had become a dead language, and of course inaccessible to the mass of the people, except by an interpreter. They could no longer read their Scriptures at home, and when they pleased. The office of religious instructor could no longer be performed by the Levite as such, but he was obliged to add to his other qualifications the accomplishments of a scholar, and be able to read the Hebrew and interpret it into the Chaldee. This might be done for a while in families. But the natural course of things would be for many families to assemble on the Sabbath, and listen while one interpreted. When the assembly grew beyond the dimensions of a house, a special building for that purpose would be the most natural resort. Thus originated the synagogue. How they sprung up may be readily suggested by what is recorded to have taken place immediately after the return of the Jews, and their reestablishment in Jerusalem under Ezra and Nehe-

miah. In the eighth chapter of the book of Nehemiah we read, that on a certain day at the feast of trumpets, in the year four hundred and forty-four before Christ, the people being assembled at Jerusalem desired to hear their law. 'And all the people gathered themselves together as one man into the street that was before the water gate; and they spake unto Ezra the Scribe, to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded Israel. And Ezra brought the book of the law before the congregation, and he read therein before the street that was before the water gate from the morning until mid-day, before the men and the women and those that could understand, and the ears of all the people were attentive unto the book of the law. And Ezra the Scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood, which they had made for the purpose.' At his side stood thirteen of the principal elders of the nation whose names are given. 'And Ezra opened the book in the sight of all the people, for he was above all the people, and when he had opened it all the people stood up. And Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God, and all the people answered, Amen, Amen, with lifting up their hands, and they bowed their heads and worshipped the Lord with their faces to the ground.' Then thirteen of the Levites, whose names are also given, 'caused the people to understand the law, and gave the sense,' that is, interpreted it from Hebrew into Chaldee.

"Then and there, in a street of Jerusalem, growing out of the circumstances, nay, the difficulties of the time, was born the great instrument of the spiritual regeneration of the world, the invention of preaching; an institution which has done more to change the face of the world, and to elevate the level of society above anything which was known in ancient times, than anything else that can be named. 'For after that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.' The synagogue was modelled upon the assembly of Ezra, the Christian church was copied in a great measure after the forms of the synagogue, and the very pulpit in which I now stand is a lineal descendant of the one which they built for Ezra two thousand two hundred and eighty-five years ago in the street of Jerusalem." — pp. 114 – 117.

We next come to John the Baptist, who forms the subject of one Lecture; then to "Christ's first discourses;" and the "Apostles Christ's witnesses." Mr. Burnap very properly states the office of the apostles, which was to testify to facts, not to teach the metaphysics of creeds. We commend the

following passage to the attention of those, who are anxious and distress themselves about questions relating to the metaphysical nature and rank of the Son.

“ Such is the testimony of those twelve witnesses, on whose evidence the faith of the Christian Church has rested from the beginning. And nothing can be plainer than that their testimony, being founded on what they saw and heard, goes no further than the life, the doctrines, the miracles, and the resurrection of their Master, and these all bear upon his office, what he was made by God the instrument of effecting. They have no bearing on his nature whatever.

“ If the Christian Church had been contented with this, what boundless miseries might have been saved, what useless controversies, what unspeakable malice and uncharitableness ! Arians and Trinitarians, Sabellians and Athanasians, might have met in peace around the table of their common Lord. That men should have differed in their opinions of the metaphysical rank and nature of Christ was natural, and perhaps unavoidable. The Messianic and Oriental phraseology of the New Testament was necessarily liable to misinterpretation in remote nations and ages. There is no possibility, except by perpetual miracle, of restraining the human imagination. It was natural, particularly among the converts from Paganism, into whose hands the Gospel soon fell, that they should have placed him in every rank, from that of simple humanity to supreme divinity. But the misfortune was, that they should not have had the discernment to see that these opinions had nothing to do with Christianity, they must therefore be left open, and suffered to cause no alienation of feeling between those who entertained them. The ground of these questions is not covered by the Apostles’ testimony. Their testimony goes to this extent and no farther, that Jesus lived, and taught, and wrought miracles, died, rose again, and ascended to heaven. Now this is equally true, and equally the foundation of Christianity, whatever hypothesis we adopt as to the metaphysical rank and nature of Christ. And now, after eighteen centuries of controversy, the only way in which peace can be restored to the torn and bleeding church, is to return to the simplicity of the Apostolic testimony. There always has been, and there probably always will be, the widest differences of opinion as to the metaphysical rank and nature of Christ. This will do no harm so long as they are held merely as matters of opinion. But they become the cause of unspeakable mischief, as soon as one attempts to force his own opinions upon another. The question which is



vital to Christianity is not what Christ was metaphysically, but whether God did or did not send him to enlighten and save the world. The Apostolic testimony, the facts to which they bear witness to all ages, go to this extent and no farther.

Just so it is with the doctrine of the Trinity. On this point, as a doctrine of Christianity, I can have no dispute with any man. To me it is a matter of abstract speculation. It has nothing to do, except incidentally, with Christianity. A man tells me, that he believes that Jesus of Nazareth was the Infinite Jehovah. I do not reproach him, I do not blame him, I merely tell him, that to my apprehension his belief goes beyond the facts of the Apostolic testimony. I go back to the record of Peter's testimony after having been with him during his whole ministry, "How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost, and with power, who went about doing good, and healing all manner of sickness, for God was with him." I ask him in turn, if he believes that God sent Jesus of Nazareth to be the Saviour of the world? If he answers in the affirmative, I welcome him as a Christian, I give him the right hand of fellowship, because he believes the very proposition which the twelve witnesses, whom Jesus summoned about him, were sent to testify to the world. I could not do otherwise as a conscientious man, whatever might be my private opinion, whichever of the thousand hypotheses I might adopt of the rank and nature of Christ. For I read in the second chapter of Acts of the admission of three thousand into the church for their assent to a discourse of Peter, in which not one word was said of the nature of Jesus, other than that he was "a man approved of God by miracles and wonders and signs which God did by him," and that "God hath made that same Jesus whom ye have crucified both Lord and Christ." After this, I dare not propose any conditions of admission into the Christian Church, which should involve any hypothesis as to Christ's nature." — pp. 191 – 194.

These are views which cannot be too often reiterated, and can never be out of place as long as the world shall stand.

The gradual illumination of the Apostles furnishes the subject of the next Lecture, which is followed by one on the character, history, and preaching of Paul. The topics of the remaining Lectures are, the first controversy in the Christian Church; faith in Christ; the Epistle to the Hebrews; Epistle to the Romans; and to the Corinthians; analysis of the New Testament.

Mr. Burnap is no seeker after novelties. He is content to



go back for his religion to Jesus of Nazareth, and to the New Testament, as containing a record of his teachings and life, carefully distinguishing, however, between facts and doctrines, on the one hand, and opinions and phraseology, or mere forms of speech, on the other. In this connexion we give a single extract, not as containing anything new, but as furnishing suggestions which may not be familiar to every reader of the New Testament.

“Christ came as a religious teacher, to make known to us on satisfactory authority all that is necessary for us, as religious beings to know, in order to obtain eternal happiness. He came not to anticipate the discoveries of science, or to correct the false opinions which had prevailed in consequence of the want of science, upon the subjects of astronomy, metaphysics, physiology, &c. It was necessary for him to use the current language of the time upon these subjects. Any departure from it would have involved him in vexatious and profitless controversy with his contemporaries, entirely foreign to the purposes of his mission. And if he had thought it necessary to set the world right on every collateral subject before he could teach them religion, the last sun of his ministry would have set before he would have prepared the way for the commencement of his real mission. When, therefore, he uses the language of the age, which implies the truth of certain opinions, in illustration of the truths which he taught, neither he, nor his religion, can justly be made responsible for the truth of those opinions. Hence arises the necessity of drawing a distinction between the doctrines of Christ, and the opinions adverted to in the New Testament. The former are to be received as a part of our faith, the latter as opinions belonging to the time, and are to be received or rejected according to their own intrinsic probability. For instance, in the parable of the sower, Jesus speaks of the rising of the sun. This expression is conformed to the astronomy of the time, which supposed the earth to be placed in the centre, and the sun, moon, and stars to revolve round it. Modern astronomy has discovered that this is not the fact. It is an optical illusion. The sun is stationary, and neither rises nor sets. The earth turns on its axis, and produces that appearance. But was it necessary for Jesus, before he uttered that exquisite parable, so full of truth and beauty, to pause and explain the true nature of the solar system? His audience would have either disputed his assertions, or laughed him to scorn. Are we then to make it an article of Christian faith, to be forced upon men’s consciences upon the authority of Christ,

that the sun actually rises, and that the modern system of astronomy is false, because such an inference may be drawn from the language of Christ?

"Just so it was with regard to the language which he uses concerning demoniacal possession. It was supposed that many diseases, particularly derangement, were caused by the devil, or were the work of malignant spirits, just as our ancestors a few hundred years ago believed in witches. The progress of science dispelled this superstition, and attributed these phenomena to their real cause, the disorder of the brain or nervous system. Is Christ, because he adopted the language which was based upon this superstition, to be made responsible for the truth of this hypothesis? By no means. He never made it a subject of direct teaching. He never made a positive assertion concerning it. It was an opinion which had prevailed long before his ministry, and one which he saw fit neither to assert nor deny. It may be said, that he used language which seemed to imply the truth of the hypothesis of demoniacal possession; and so he did with regard to the sun's rising. But as it was no part of his office to teach astronomy or physiology, he naturally and properly adopted the language which was in common use at that period upon these subjects, leaving to the progress of science to correct the errors which then prevailed." — pp. 358–360.

It is highly creditable to Mr. Burnap, that in addition to his arduous duties, — the more arduous from his somewhat isolated position, — he can find time for services which are, in some sort, extra-professional, but which have for their object to promote the moral and intellectual welfare of his fellow beings. We honor his industry; we honor still more the spirit which animates him; and if our voice can cheer him in his labors, we would gladly utter an encouraging word, and bid him go on with heart and hope.

A. L.

## OMNIA.

## EVIL.

How essential to man's highest happiness, to his present and ultimate true greatness, are the conflicts to which life calls him. War is sometimes defended, on the ground, that it ends in blessings not wholly disproportioned to the evils which palpably it brings along with it. The Christian warfare differs from this, in that it is a warfare for its own sake. It is a warfare, the end of which is not something else, and something better, but whose end is itself. Except that it is not, as every one's experience convinces him, in any respect sport, it might be more fitly compared to trials of skill with weapons. Strength, greater skill, are here the only objects, conflict and collision the only means by which they are to be attained. So it is in life. The bitterest and most dangerous encounters, we ever engage in, are but so many golden opportunities of the soul's more quick and vigorous growth. As in real or mimic fight the more equal, or sometimes even superior to ourselves, the antagonist, the more our arm is nerved and the whole energy of our being put forth for our deliverance, so, in life, the more violent the temptation, the more heart-oppressing the trial, the harder the labor, the greater the good that redounds to the soul. Its powers are the more put to their proof, and the sincerity of its attachment to God and his will the more satisfactorily shown. It is only through conflict and resistance that we may ever look to become real men on earth, and more than men in heaven.

If any one would only take the trouble to picture to himself such a scene as he in his thoughtlessness often wishes life was, where existence shall flow on placid and undisturbed, where desire shall never wander, nor passion betray, nor outward objects ever tempt, where knowledge shall pour itself into the passive mind, and, in a word, all virtue and all attainment come with a wish, and rest and repose make up the days and years of such a being; and then compare a creature, like man, formed under its influences, with man, as formed, or rather created, by the exposure, trial, temptation, duty, and toil of earth, could he hesitate one moment which to pronounce the greater, and more glorious of the two? Would he not, then, see that it is this



very difficulty and darkness of which we are so apt to complain, that in truth constitute the glory and worth of life, — that just as strength of body results from exercise, and rough encounters with others, with labor, and with the elements, so does strength of soul, rectitude, purity, conscientiousness, exaltation above the poor gratifications of sense, spring from the spiritual conflicts of the mind with the innumerable forms of temptation, error, and sin. So that the presence of evil is the glory of human life; for out of this grow, what could never grow otherwise, so far as we can see, a mind vigorous from the pursuit of knowledge, through a thousand forms of error, and a soul that has chosen virtue, and from choice adhered to it, in the face of temptations the most seducing, which the heart of man can conceive. And what good, of which we have any knowledge, or of which we can frame a conception, is to be compared with this? The opportunity afforded by the life on earth, to seize this good and make it our own, is one, than which we in vain attempt to imagine a greater or better, in any region of the infinite universe. Everything great and good seems thus to be placed within our reach. We have only to stretch out our hand, and it is our own.

Evil then is good. It is by this ministry that the true life of man is unfolded. He becomes a genuine man just in the proportion in which evil solicits and is withstood, just in the proportion in which difficulties throng and darken the way of knowledge, of truth, and of virtue. To find fault with such a state of things, what is it but to complain that the power is given us to raise ourselves not only to the highest point of humanity, but to seats of angels and archangels; — to complain that we *are* men, and may make ourselves anything? Does not he, who complains of labor, of hard work, of the difficulties of goodness, of the evils that beset the path of life, in truth complain that he is a man — and not rather a mere animal — mindless, heartless, soulless animal. For with the first entrance of a reasoning mind, of the feeling of right and wrong, of the sense of duty, of a power to discriminate between truth and error — into a created being, is not the outward world that instant, wherever and whatever it may be, filled both with temptation and difficulty? It is the nature we have that crowds the world so with what we call moral evil — the only evil. It surely is not in the material world, or any of its objects. Take away conscience, reason, the moral power of



choice, and this world is as free of evil as paradise, or Heaven itself. Impart these powers again — and where shall the soul be placed, and among what beings or objects, where there shall not spring up difficulty and labor, and motives drawing the mind this way and that, and perplexing its power of choice? — but, at the same time, and by the self-same process, invigorating its faculties, raising it to higher and still higher spheres of glory and enjoyment. The evils that are in the world are the steps by which we mount up to heaven — the Jacob's ladder, that joins Heaven and Earth.

#### PRAYER.

Though it be admitted that holiness is that without which no man shall see God, with which no man shall fail to see Him — “the pure in heart shall see God,” — it may still be true that worship is essential also. In truth, one might say that in the proportion that holiness is essential, in that very proportion is worship also; and especially that form of worship which we denominate prayer, so helpful is it as a means of virtue.

Prayer is the intercourse which man holds with the invisible Creator. It is the utterance, as addressed to him, of holy purposes and desires. It is dwelling for a few moments upon our spiritual interests and our future hopes, upon our relations to our Maker and things eternal, upon life and death, and preparing ourselves by every holy art we can use for a return to scenes of temptation and danger. It is laying open to the eye of Heaven, not as if God needed any knowledge we could impart, but as an evidence of our sincerity, all the weaknesses and imperfections of our virtue, all the secret sinful desires of our hearts, seeking his pardon, and renewing in his presence vows of a better service. It is renewing our religious purposes under circumstances of solemnity, calculated, beyond any other means we could make use of, to cause us to remember them and act up to their spirit, when we shall have left our privacy and ventured forth again into the world.

This is not a complete definition of prayer, but these ideas would be embraced in any complete definition of it. But if this be only in part what is meant by it, can there be a doubt whether to perform this duty would have the most beneficial effect upon our virtue? Will not he who begins the day — every day — with an enumeration in the form of prayer

of the great purposes of human existence, reflects upon his exposures, dangers and duties, and expresses in earnest language, in all the added solemnity of an approach to God, his desire to do well and overcome all evil, — will not such a one enter upon the affairs of life in a state of mind more favorable to the higher worship of holy living, than if he had indulged in no such previous self-communion — than if he had rushed recklessly, without one thought that sprung not from earth and sense, into the great conflict of good and evil? There is philosophy, reason, and nature in prayer, not less than authority. Look at analogous cases. Would not the man who had every day a difficult task to perform, a statesman for example, go through the business of each day more successfully, for considering well beforehand what he had to do, and the principles by which he must be guided? Nay, who would dare to engage in such transactions without the most anxious and careful deliberation? Is there any worldly duty, the business of any office, the cares of which are at all complicated or mutable in their character, which would not be more intelligently discharged after previous thoughtfulness and a wise forecast, than if we depended upon the wisdom and strength of the moment? The same must be true in every relation; and he is accordingly not only unobservant of the express command of his religion, but unwise as a man, who, if he aim at all or with earnestness at moral progress, foregoes the use of prayer as the best and strongest defence against the more serious dangers and cares of human life. And if in the common affairs of life we resort to every probable means of performing our tasks well, there is even more need of such prudence in the affairs of religion and the soul. For much more arduous, much more complicated than any other conduct, is the right conduct of life — much more difficult than any other art, the art of living well. It requires that our principles be deep-founded, our knowledge ready at a moment's warning, our faith intelligent and clear — our feet shod with the very preparation of the Gospel. Wholly indispensable, then, is prayer, and that previous arming of the soul for what it is to encounter, which is the necessary effect of prayer. There are various forms of mental preparation for the tasks which men perform, as filling important stations in society. Prayer, in one aspect, is this previous spiritual preparation — seeking about on every side for strength and power. It is not a mere empty offering of praise to God, who needs it not.

No error then can be more material, than because it is perfectly true, that holiness is the grand essential, the fulfilment of the whole will of God; we may therefore forbear worship as a duty unimportant; for it is, though not holiness itself, a means of creating it, which is resorted to, on the truest principles of human nature. Man may not safely dispense with this friend and ally of his virtue, nor believe, that whatever degree of virtue he may have reached without it, it is as true and as exalted as it would have been with it. To think so, were to believe what is contrary to all we know and experience of our nature; it were to believe not only without evidence, but against it. How much more likely, then, it is all we say, is he to worship God as he is required to do, and as he may desire to do, in the beauty of holiness, who shall first worship him in the beauty of prayer.

#### THE LOVE OF GOD.

I cannot think it difficult to define what is meant by the love of God. It is described essentially, in any definition we may give of the love which we bear to an earthly parent. I should define it as a sentiment resembling in its nature, with great exactness, the affection we bear those earthly parents, from whom we have received a thousand proofs of the tenderest regard, whose aim has ever been to promote our happiness and our virtue, and whose amiable dispositions have bound us to them by cords which no power can dissolve. Our love of God may and ought to be a sentiment like this,—a sentiment of warm, grateful affection. We have not, it is true, seen this wonderful Being with the eye of the body. Is it necessary, in order to love him, that we should see him? We love many things that we do not see. It is the character of a parent or friend that we love, not the outward, perishing form. And if our eye do rest with delight upon the countenance, still it is the expression of goodness we meet there, which attracts and warms us, not the mere features, which serve but as a medium by which that expression is conveyed. It is his virtues, his goodness, in a word, his character, that we love. If for a season we are separated from him, his moral image remains unchanged; and though death remove him forever from us, the heart, faithful to its early moral impressions, remembers to the latest hour of life, and with no loss of distinctness, the kind friend, the wise counsellor, the liberal benefactor,



while in the lapse of years, we can but with difficulty, if at all, recall the face and the form. Such the love of God may be, and surely ought to be. We have indeed *never* seen Him. But his character we know ; his benefits we have experienced from the first ; his bounty has never failed ; his goodness we see on every side. From himself we are for a season separated. From his goodness and the experience of an unfailling beneficence, from the acts of his love, we are not, we have never been, we cannot be separated. These are always present to us ; and as it is these that we love in our earthly friend, and not the mere perishable form upon which our eye rests, so it is these upon which we can fix our affections, if we will, in that Great Being whom we have never seen. Frequent contemplation of the works of God, and recollection of what we have received from him, will raise in us emotions of love and veneration, not very different from or inferior in strength, vivacity, and reality, to the affection which we entertain towards those whom, on earth, we have seen, known, and loved.

This is one way in which we may love God ; another is, through principles of right action. Some deride the idea, — which we will not, — of any other love toward God, than this. They think that it is possible to love God, only as we obey him and do all things to his glory. And it cannot be denied, that some good ground has been furnished for this opinion by the conduct of many, who, in the endeavor to love God after the manner of men, have fallen into extravagances, that have brought discredit upon religion. But the errors of a few cannot falsify a great truth. The annals of Christianity present us with illustrious examples of men, whose love of God has been an affection as warm and glowing, as the heart ever entertained toward any present object, and at the same time as pure and holy, as from the nature of the Being, on whom it has rested, it ought to be. Still it is doubtless true, that the least suspicious form, in which the love of God can be shown, is in that of a principle of conformity to his will. He in an eminent sense loves God, the single aim of whose whole life it is to do his will, who, in whatever he undertakes, aims to do all to the glory of God. Jesus has said, "He that keepeth my commandments, he it is that loveth me." And a prophet has said, "What doth the Lord require of us, but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with him?" How can we testify our love of God in a way more certain to be right in itself, and useful



to ourselves and the world, than by keeping ourselves to that path of duty which we know to be prescribed. The true child is one who obeys, and never consciously violates a parent's command. The true citizen is he who yields to all the lawful requisitions of the power that is over him. No protestations of affection, on the part of a child, would command our respect, or possess the least value, whose *conduct* was such as to give pain to the heart of a parent. True affection is never selfish. It consults the whole will of the object loved, and is ready to sacrifice whatever interferes with an exact conformity to it. He, who is filled with a genuine, all-controlling love, must be able to say, that he has no will of his own; or, rather, that his only will is, to do the will of God. Such a one is ready to sacrifice what he most dearly loves; to forego what he most earnestly desires; to abandon a course he may deem most truly conducive to his interests; to assume any post of duty or danger; to deny any of his appetites, and any of his tastes, if he finds reason to believe, that so lies the path of duty, so prescribes the will of God. He who loves God, through his principles of action, gives not only those evidences of that affection that are easiest, but the more difficult also; he not only muses in private, and communes with the great Invisible upon his bed, but he brings, or aims to bring his every action into harmony with the Divine will. In the use of his time, in the use of wealth, in the discharge of official or professional duty, in the domestic relations, in the placing of his affections, in the ruling of all his conduct, it is his first and supreme desire to comply with the laws of the Being who made him. Love is a principle of such authority with him, that the circumstances cannot be imagined, in which he should hesitate, between his own will and the will of God, which to choose. Just as instinct warns of that which would injure, and prompts to involuntary efforts for self-preservation, so does the love of God, — herein lies the proof of its genuineness, — guard us against even the approach of evil; sounding an alarm while yet it is afar off. Just as it is difficult to conceive of a person, who has acted for a long series of years upon principles of pure selfishness, easily doing them violence; so is it difficult to conceive of one, over whom the love of God has long reigned, doing that affection violence; he cannot be selfish any more than the other can be disinterested; he cannot act for himself alone, (with him God is all in all,) any more than the other can for God alone.

How happy and well ordered would a love like this make life! It would cover it with brightness. Pain and evil would lose their nature. Like that fabled stone that turns all it touches, even the most unlikely substances, to gold; so would this love convert into blessing and honor all the labor and duty, even all the trial and suffering of life.

#### COURAGE.

To the traveller, penetrating unknown regions of the earth, what so essential as courage, — as a mind not to be taken by surprise, or easily daunted, full of new expedients, not to be defeated in the accomplishment of its objects, determined to succeed, if putting in action every energy, and using all the power God has given, can avail to its deliverance.

Courage like this is as needful to the Christian. A spirit that will not be subdued, crushed, or disheartened by any accumulation of trial, that will not be discouraged from new undertakings, — which, as often as calamity comes, though for a while it may bend, will not and cannot break, but through the virtue of its faith springs back, after each trial, elastic to its place, and displays its accustomed energy, ever ready for new conflicts, and strong for yet worse encounters; — this is what we mean by Christian courage. Its value cannot be overrated. It ought to be the temper of every Christian. For the Christian, the traveller over life's moral wilderness, is exposed to evils and dangers, many more, and many times more terrific, than any which thron the path of him who, for purposes of knowledge or of gain, traverses the earth's surface. The Christian is scarce ever in such a position that he needs not courage, either for endurance or action. His exposures are always; his dangers, not from without only, but much more even from within also, and the call for resolution and the spirit of patience without intermission.

There is nothing, either of pride or presumption, implied in a true courage. The brave man is at the same time a moderate, considerate, calculating man. If he is willing and prompt to expose life when necessary, he is as unwilling to throw it away. It is the fool, who, incapable of appreciating the worth of life, or too much of a coward to act with independence, puts it at hazard for a word or a whim, and when nothing is to be gained at most, but death and the applause of fools.

The Christian needs not, because he knows not what fear is, expose himself without reason, nor put such trust in himself, as not still to feel that human strength is but weakness, and that many a trial may prove too much for him. He, who would exhibit a true courage, will foreknow and prepare for the evil day, and when it approaches will be on the alert, ready for it, and so never the victim of the unmanly despondency of those who, because the sun shines to-day, and all goes well with their virtues and their fortunes, cannot bring themselves to believe that clouds may hide it from them to-morrow. Presumption is no part of moral courage. On the contrary, it is full of humility, of the spirit of acquiescence, endurance, and trust. It is prophetic of evil in the coming years, as well as of good. But it anticipates evil not on the principle of borrowing trouble, but of being ready for it.

To possess and exhibit this courage is one among Christian obligations. When we are restive and repining and despondent under many of the evils of our condition, is it not by our actions, our temper at least, to find fault with the Great Disposer of events, to complain of our being and its exposures and allotments? I know not what the language of such a temper is, if it be not this. Is not this virtue, then, not only of the greatest value as one of the best springs of happiness, but in truth obligatory upon us? To sink too easily under the burdens of life; to shrink from the tasks which our condition imposes; to be turned back from duty by resistance, is to distrust Providence. Cheerfulness and a heart always up, — *sursum corda*, — should be the temper and motto of the Christian. This may seem to require too much, seeing what the trials of life are. Yet when we consider what, and how universal the providence of God is; that he appoints whatever befalls; that the reverses and evils of life flow from an order of things which he has instituted and pronounced good, and that this variety and mutability of events has been ordained or permitted for moral ends, that character might be formed, and the Christian grow out of the man; — we shall be ready to acknowledge, that if we do not exhibit this virtue, when circumstances call for it, then are we false to ourselves and to the moral teachings of Providence, and do what in us lies, to render nugatory this whole institution and discipline of human life. Dejection, despondency, fear, when they pass the limits of transient emotions, are essentially irreligious. They unfit us for the tasks of



life, for any of its more difficult, and therefore more important, duties, — for any path but one that shall lie before us broad, and straight, and smooth, with not a stone over which to stumble. And how often, and to whom is such the path of human life? But he who can take no other with courage to encounter its dangers, in a spirit that events cannot subdue, at least with a determination not to fall but after a hard fight, deserves not his privilege of living; and, if he shows himself so unfit for the moral trial of this world, is he not for that of any other? Where can a place be found for him, who will not exert his powers of self-defence?

Faith is the deep spring of courage, — the faith that works by love, — that trusts. The faith that only believes is not faith, it is only belief. Faith carries with it the idea of confidence, — of believing and then trusting because you believe. He who believes thus can hardly be otherwise than of good courage. Courage is its natural fruit. And so, if we find ourselves without courage, we may know that we are without faith. We have what we call faith, perhaps, but it is cold and mechanical, the faith of circumstances, tradition, necessity, interest, — it has not been enlightened by a wide observation, — enriched by meditation and the study of the works and providence of God, and strengthened by prayer, and it has very little of the power that belongs to it. Unless their faith was true, even apostles were powerless. Their voice died away upon the air, like the voice of common men, — the dead heard them not; demons heeded them not; they were the sport and derision of the multitude. Much more will our faith fail us in our extremest need, if it want reality. But let it be that high and holy principle which it ought to be, and which we may make it if we will, and then no more signal miracles were ever done by apostles, than the Christian will do when overtaken by the calamities, or assailed by the temptations of life.

#### RELIGION.

Some preach and talk as if there were to come a period, the approach of which we should all labor to hasten, when religion and its peculiar offices and observances will occupy the whole mind; and the world, as in the days of monkery, be fairly abandoned, only to a much greater extent. But what can this mean? Must we not eat and drink, if we would live? Then



agriculture and commerce, and all subsidiary and related arts, must forever remain just what they are, and mankind continue devoted to them much in the same way they now are. Must we not be sheltered and clothed? Then the sciences, arts, and manufactures, which satisfy these wants, must continue to the end of time, and men continue devoted to them. There will be differences of condition, moreover, there will be rich and poor, richer and poorer, serving-man and master, so long as God makes men to differ in natural capacity. The whole race must be industrious and hard-working just as it is, till the earth is burned up, or the constitution of all things is changed. Religion, then, rightly defined, can mean nothing more than a principle which shall influence men to engage in these occupations honestly, and in such a manner, that while they provide, as they are bound to do, for the comfortable estate of the body, they do not neglect, at the same time, to make more sure provision still for the happy future existence of the immortal mind that inhabits it. Religion is to be the guide of life, not its occupation.\*

#### THE GERMAN'S NATIVE LAND.

Happy the land of which the following song may be sung ! Would that it could be said or sung of our own ; but to neither one verse nor another is there here anything very closely correspondent. We have no Rhine winding sea-ward among her castle-crowned hills, with her " vineyards gleaming in the sun," though of oak, and other forests, we have indeed enough and to spare,—America is not, just now at least, an honest land, " where word of man is good as gold," — nay, her word would not now

---

\* Here is one of the most significant religious anecdotes of the day ; it is from a late sermon by Mr. Mott. It is full of meaning as it can hold, and is an apt illustration of the above sentiment.

" In a late excitement in Boston, a person met a Christian neighbor, who took him by the hand, and besought him to go to these meetings, and become a Christian. I have done so, said he, and have got religion. I am at last a Christian. You are a Christian, then, all at once, said the other. You profess to act strictly on Christian principles. I am glad of it. I congratulate you. Suppose now we have a settlement of our little accounts between us. Pay me that thou owest. No, said this new-born child of grace, turning away on his heel, religion is *religion*, and business is *business*."

avail in Europe to borrow a shilling ; — wicked songs are still sung, — judging especially from some late indictments ; — religion is anything but devoid of art ; and, lastly, for the Anglo-American heart, it has sadly lost its simplicity.

Happy and honored the land, then, of which the song we now quote may be sung with truth. It is a translation from the German of some unnamed author, by Mr. Brooks.

“ Know ye the land, where tall and green  
The ancient forest-oaks are seen ?  
Where the old Rhine-waves sounding run  
Through vineyards gleaming in the sun ?  
We know the lovely land full well ;  
’T is where the free-souled Germans dwell.

Know ye the land where truth is told,  
Where word of man is good as gold ?  
The honest land, where love and truth  
Bloom on in everlasting youth ?  
We know that honest land full well ;  
’T is where the free-souled Germans dwell.

Know ye the land where each vile song  
Is banished from the jovial throng ?  
The sacred land, where, free from art,  
Religion sways the simple heart ?  
We know that sacred land full well ;  
’T is where the free-souled Germans dwell.”

#### SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Happening, not long since, to hear a sermon, preached by a person a little past middle life, upon the subject of fear, as one of the false foundations of a genuine religion, it was curious to notice, though the sermon in truth was not bad, how its merit, nevertheless, was diminished if not quite taken away, as a friend, upon reaching his library after the service, took from his shelves a volume of Sir Thomas Browne, containing his *Religio Medici*, — and read the following sentences, as forcible and eloquent as they are true.

“ I thank God, and with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place. I have so fixed my contemplations on Heaven, that I have almost forgot the idea of hell, and am afraid rather to lose the joys of the one, than endure the misery of the other ; to be deprived of them is a perfect hell, and needs, methinks, no addi-

tion to complete our afflictions. That terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I fear God, yet I am not afraid of him. His mercies make me ashamed of my sins, before his judgments afraid thereof. These are the forced and secondary method of his wisdom, which he useth but as the last remedy, and upon provocation ; a course, rather to deter the wicked, than incite the virtuous to his worship. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into Heaven. They go the fairest way to Heaven, that would serve God without a hell. Other mercenaries, that crouch unto him in fear of hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves of the Almighty."

Having opened Sir Thomas Browne, it is not easy to close his volumes without a more liberal quotation. Let the reader then take one upon death, and another upon dreams.

#### DEATH.

"I thank God, I have not those strait ligaments, or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convulst and tremble at the name of Death. Not that I am insensible of the dread and horror thereof . . . but that, marshalling all the horrors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not anything therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much less a well resolved Christian. And, therefore, am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fate, and, like the best of them, to die, that is, to cease to breathe, to take a farewell of the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a spirit. When I take a full view and circle of myself without this reasonable moderator, and equal piece of justice, Death, I do conceive myself the miserablest person extant. Were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not entreat a moment's breath from me. Could the devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not outlive that very thought. I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements, I cannot think this is to be a man ; or to live according to the dignity of humanity. In expectation of a better, I can with patience embrace this life ; yet in my best meditations do often defie death. I honor any man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it ; this makes me naturally

love a soldier, and honor those tattered and contemptible regiments, that will die at the command of a sergeant. For a pagan there may be some motive to be in love with life, — but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this dilemma, that he is too sensible of this life, or hopeless of the life to come.”

## DREAMS.

“Let me not injure the felicity of others if I say I am as happy as any. *Ruat cælum, Fiat voluntas tua*, solveth all; so that whatever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content, and what should Providence add more? Surely this is it we call happiness, and this do I enjoy, with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy, as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams, than in our waked senses; without this I were unhappy, for my awaked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreams in the night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest, for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness; and surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as meer dreams to those of the next, as the phantasms of the night to the conceit of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other; we are somewhat more than emblems in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense but the liberty of reason, and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was the earthly sign of Scorpius; I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet within me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful, as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I chuse for my de-



votions. But our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed. We term sleep a death . . [it is] so like death I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half adieu to the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God."

These thoughts are in both a sweet and a manly strain ; they speak of a pure life, a clear conscience, a brave heart, and a trusting faith. A simple and natural piety breathes through the whole, and engages the affections as well as commands the respect of the reader. Every part of this celebrated essay is not equal to those that have been now selected, but all is weighty in thought or quaint in fashion, and well rewards perusal. The edition from which the present citations have been made is that of 1685, in small folio, and of course is not generally accessible ; but the *Religio Medici* will be found reprinted in the series of Old English prose writers, edited by Mr. Young.

It may be interesting to know how a man, who at thirty wrote with such contempt of the fear of death, encountered that event when it overtook himself. It will be gratifying to learn that he met it with equanimity. A friend of Browne — whose brief memoir is cited by Johnson — who was present with him during his last illness, says: " His patience was founded upon the Christian philosophy, and a sound faith of God's providence, and a meek and holy submission thereunto, which he expressed in few words. I visited him near his end, when he had not strength to hear or speak much ; the last words which I heard from him were, besides some expressions of dearness, that he did freely submit to the will of God, being without fear. He had often triumphed over the king of terrors in others, and given many repulses in the defence of patients ; but, when his own turn came, he submitted with a meek, rational, and religious courage."

Johnson's general estimate of Browne is high, but his reader will not think it too high ; nor will he be inclined to defend him from the faults with which he is charged by the great critic. " It is not on the praises of others, but on his own writings, that he is to depend for the esteem of posterity, of which he will not easily be deprived while learning shall have any reverence among men ; for there is no science in which he does not discover some skill, and scarce any kind of knowledge, profane or sacred, abstruse or elegant, which he does not

appear to have cultivated with success. His exuberance of knowledge, and plenitude of ideas, sometimes obstruct the tendency of his reasoning and the clearness of his decisions; on whatever subject he employed his mind, there started up immediately so many images before him, that he lost one by grasping another. His memory supplied him with so many illustrations, parallel or dependent notions, that he was always starting into collateral considerations; but the spirit and vigor of his pursuit always gives delight; and the reader follows him, without reluctance, through his mazes, in themselves flowery and pleasing, and ending at the point originally in view. 'To have great excellences and great faults, *magnæ virtutes nec minora vitia*, is the poesy,' says our author, 'of the best natures.' This poesy may be properly applied to Browne; it is vigorous, but rugged; it is learned, but pedantic; it is deep, but obscure; it strikes, but does not please; it commands, but does not allure; his tropes are harsh and his combinations uncouth. He fell into an age in which our language began to lose the stability, which it had obtained in the time of Elizabeth, and was considered by every writer as a subject on which he might try his plastic skill, by moulding it according to his own fancy. Milton, in consequence of this incroaching licence, began to introduce the Latin idiom; and Browne, though he gave less disturbance to our structures in phraseology, yet poured in a multitude of exotic words; many, indeed, useful and significant, but many superfluous."

Dr. Johnson warmly defends him against the charge of infidelity, which had been carelessly or maliciously brought against him. "He may," he says, "perhaps, in the ardor of his imagination, have hazarded an expression, which a mind intent upon faults may interpret into heresy, if considered apart from the rest of his discourse; but a phrase is not to be opposed to volumes; there is scarcely a writer to be found, whose profession was not divinity, that has so frequently testified his belief of the sacred writings, has appealed to them with such unlimited submission, or mentioned them with such unvaried reverence." And adds, "It is, indeed, somewhat wonderful, that he should be placed without the pale of Christianity, who declares, that 'he assumes the honorable style of a Christian,' not because it is 'the religion of his country,' but because, 'having in his riper years and confirmed judgment seen and examined all, he finds himself obliged, by the principles of

grace and the law of his own reason, to embrace no other name but this.' ”

One more passage from Dr. Johnson, not without its application at the present time.

“ It is observable, that he, who in his earlier years had read all the books against religion, was in the latter part of his life averse from controversies. To play with important truths, to disturb the repose of established tenets, to subtilize objections, and elude proof, is too often the sport of youthful vanity, of which maturer experience commonly repents. There is a time when every man is weary of raising difficulties only to task himself with the solution, and desires to enjoy truth without the labor or hazard of contest. There is, perhaps, no better method of encountering these troublesome irruptions of skepticism, with which inquisitive minds are frequently harassed, than that which Browne declares himself to have taken ; ‘ If there arise any doubts in my way, I do forget them ; or at least defer them, till my better settled judgment, and more manly reason, be able to resolve them ; for I perceive every man’s reason is his best *Oedipus*, and will, upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds, wherewith the subtilties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgments.’ ”

---

#### BAPTISM.

THE topics, upon which we would offer a few remarks in the following pages, are, the meaning of the ordinance of Baptism, the mode of administering it, the proper subjects to receive it, and the duties of Christians in regard to it. The discussion of these points may ally itself to higher themes, than a dry criticism upon the meaning of a Greek word, and a strife about the adjuncts of a ceremony. It may connect itself with the right interpretation of many scriptural phrases, with the practices of early Christians, with many instructive lessons, drawn from the strange notions and absurd customs, which a history of the rite brings to view, with the essential spirit of our religion, and with our purest and best feelings in some of the most interesting periods of life.

In entering upon the discussion proposed, the question which meets us at the threshold of our subject is, in what sense did our Saviour use the word *baptize*, when he directed his disciples to go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, &c. Now, as to the derivation and original meaning of the word, all controversy may be spared. Springing from a root which signified, at first, *to plunge*, the word came, in process of time, to stand for other acts, such as coloring, bathing, dipping, cleansing, and wetting; examples of which are found in classic use, and among the writers of the Old Testament. But there is a question which lies deeper than this. We all know, that through secondary senses and remote analogies, words come to represent ideas which bear but the slightest resemblance to the meaning, which they were, at first, invented to express. Numberless instances will occur to every mind, on a moment's reflection. Take the word *subjugate*, originally used to denote the act, in a beast of burden, of coming under the yoke; now applied in senses in which the original act is entirely lost sight of. A victorious conqueror subjugates a nation to his power; truth subjugates us to her sway. Take the word *anoint*, originally used to denote the putting on of ointment to one set apart to a sacred office; but now applied to one consecrated, by any form whatever, or by no form at all, to some high calling. We say of a Fenelon, or a Howard, or a Washington, that they were anointed by God, that is, chosen and qualified by him, for the high services they rendered to their race. Take the word *crowned*, originally used to denote the act of putting on a kingly covering for the head; but now applied to any one who is elevated by honor or power, by beauty or grace, by our praise, admiration, or love.

The inquiry, then, here arises, did the word *baptize*, in its common use, in the time of our Saviour, stand for other meanings, than the original one of plunging or immersion? We see not how any one can possibly deny that it did. The glance we have just given at the history of the word shows, that it was perpetually enlarging its meaning. From at first denoting the act of plunging, it soon came to mean to color, to tinge, to bathe, to wash. Even in the time of Daniel it was used in the general sense of *to wet*, for in Daniel iv. 33, when we read that Nebuchadnezzar "was wet with the dew of heaven," it reads, in the original, "was baptized with the dew of heaven." If we come down now to the time of the Apostles, we



find St. Paul, in 1 Cor. x. 2, speaking of the Israelites "as baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea," at the time of their escape from Pharaoh; although the history of that transaction records, that "the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon dry ground," Exodus xiv. 22; and if they were wet at all, it was only by rain from the cloud. We find the word *baptize* used in the same general sense by the Evangelists. Mark and Luke both inform us of the surprise which many expressed, that Jesus and his disciples eat bread with unwashed hands. Mark vii. 4. Luke xi. 38. But in the original the word is *baptize*, which is here translated, wash. Now, it is well known, that the oriental manner of washing hands was by pouring water upon them from pots, such as we are told were used at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, "after the manner of the purifying of the Jews." This custom of pouring water is alluded to in 2 Kings iii. 11. The mere pouring of water, then, was called baptism, in the familiar language of Judea, at the time of Christ.

Here, then, we have abundant evidence of the enlarged signification of the word under consideration, and that it stood for other meanings than the original one of immersion. We may see the same truth by another process. If, in the time of Christ, the word *baptize* invariably meant immersion, we could substitute that word in the New Testament, in the place of the present rendering. But this cannot be done. So many other significations did this word have, that neither plunging, pouring, sprinkling, nor any other word denoting one particular act, is equivalent to it. Let us try the experiment and see. Would these texts be intelligible, if they read as follows: "I have a plunging to be plunged with." "And were all poured into Moses." "For by one spirit we are all sprinkled into one body." "Know ye not, that as many of you as were immersed into Christ were immersed into his death." "John, indeed, poured unto repentance, but ye shall be poured with the Holy Ghost." "I indeed immerse with water, but one cometh after me who shall immerse with fire." "John preached the immersion of repentance." "To what then were ye immersed? To John's immersion." These texts teach us how widely the word *baptize* had departed, in the time of Christ, from the oneness of its original signification.

A review of these texts should intimate to us another inquiry. By a careful analysis of all the passages in the New Tes-

tament, where the word *baptize* is used, can we detect an idea common to them all, expressed by that word? If this can be done, we arrive at once at the object of our search,—the meaning which Christ's use of the word would convey to the minds of his disciples. But an examination of every such text must be here passed by, as a work altogether too extended for this occasion. It is enough to say, that it is by no means difficult to see a common idea expressed in all places where the word *baptize* is used. It may be more difficult to express that idea. A word, which has departed from its original sense, takes many shades of meaning, according to the connexion in which it stands. While it has a common element, there is also connected with it something subtle, which we cannot tie up and label in a definition. I before alluded to the original signification of the word *crowned*. Who can exactly express all the nice shades of meaning conveyed by our present use of that word? When we say of a mountain, that it is crowned with the clouds; of a man of might, that he is crowned with strength; of the year, that it is crowned with God's goodness; there is a common meaning, which the word has in all these connexions, which no one finds it difficult to understand, though it may not be so easy to express it; and one would certainly fail in doing it, if he insisted upon applying the original, literal sense of the word.

So it is with the word *baptize*. In the time of Christ it had become appropriated *as a religious term*. It had an established usage, in a borrowed and secondary meaning, to which the original force of the word would be as unsafe a guide as in the case we have just named. I can think of no better words to define that meaning, than to call it *a separation by a purifying rite*. This seems to be the idea that is present in every instance, where the word occurs as a religious term in the New Testament,—the idea of separation by purification. Go ye into all the world *separating* by purifying all nations in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. John came preaching the *separation* of repentance. And were all separated unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea. For by one spirit we are all separated into one body. I have a separating trial to pass through, and how am I straitened till it be done. Know ye not, that as many of you as were separated by the emblem of purity unto Christ, were separated unto Christ's death? Therefore, by our separation we are, as it

were, buried with Christ. Separated by fire. Separated by the Holy Ghost. Indeed, we can think of no passage wherein the word *baptize* occurs as a religious term, in which this does not seem to be the fundamental idea. Hence, we can explain many expressions which occur in the writings of the early Christian Fathers ; such as "the baptism of martyrdom ;" "the baptism of grief or of tears." Any literal rendering of the word according to its original sense, whether immersion, pouring, or sprinkling, perverts its true meaning, which is, doubtless, that of separation and purification by martyrdom and grief. We can easily see, moreover, how it was that a term, which originally meant to plunge and to wash, came, in process of time, to stand for anything set apart and pure. In the Jewish ritual, the act of separating anything from a common to a sacred use was by washing or sprinkling. Baptism, by a common figure of speech, and according to the universal and necessary laws of language, would soon come to stand for the effect, as well as the cause. Doubtless this use of the word was still further established by the custom of Jewish proselyte baptism, by which all converts were purified from their heathen state, and separated as children of God. We know that the existence of such a custom has been denied. But the balance of evidence preponderates strongly the other way. The Jews do not appear to have regarded the baptism of John with any surprise, but seem to have looked upon it as a rite with which they were already familiar. The disciples of Christ baptized converts before they received the command recorded Mat. xxviii. 19, as if it was something which their previous habits of thought would lead them to do, as preachers of a new religion. It is certain, that Jewish proselyte baptism was practised not long after the Christian era ; and the argument is very strong, drawn from the extreme improbability, that the Jews would then borrow the rite from Christians.

Supposing, then, that we have now presented the vital and essential idea expressed by baptism, and that the disciples of Christ would understand him to say, "Go ye, and separate, by a purifying rite, all nations," &c., another question here arises ; is not the particular *mode*, by which that idea is to be expressed, prescribed and essential ? It is not prescribed, certainly, by the force of the word itself *baptize*, as then commonly understood. We have already seen in what great latitude that word had come to be used, in that age, meaning *to wet*, as

used of Nebuchadnezzar; *to pour*, in the reference to the washing of hands; and *to separate*, or, at most, *to sprinkle*, as used by St. Paul, in his allusion to the passage by the Israelites of the Red Sea. The derivation and primary signification of the word, I repeat, decides nothing at all. A writer, in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, speaks of one who, in France, had been crowned by martyrdom. What should we say of a reader, who should insist, that the native force of the word *crowned* compels us to believe, that the martyr came to his death by something resembling a crown put upon his head? We should say, that he overlooked the fact, that the term had an established usage in a borrowed and secondary sense. There is the highest evidence that can be given, that the word *baptize*, as a religious term, had an established usage, in the time of Christ, in a secondary and borrowed sense. That evidence is the utter impossibility of translating that word, in numberless passages, by any definition of it according to its primary signification. It is idle, then, to affirm, that we are tied down to one mode of baptism, by the original force of the word.

Again, the prevailing notions, which the Jews entertained on the subject of consecration and purification, would not prescribe one particular mode, as essential to the idea of baptism; and, of course, no such limitation is to be presumed from the words of Christ, who used the popular language of Judea. Certainly, we say only what must be admitted by all, when we affirm, that the Jews were as familiarly acquainted with *sprinkling*, as emblematical of purification, as they were with immersion. It must be wholly unnecessary to verify this by any quotations from the Old Testament. The Levites were set apart to God's special service by sprinkling; the leper was cleansed by sprinkling; his house was purified by sprinkling; one defiled by touching a dead body, the vessels near a dead body, the tent in which a dead body was laid, were all made clean by the sprinkling of water upon them. "Because the water of separation is not sprinkled upon him, he shall be unclean." These words are found repeatedly in the law. And they are noteworthy, as they show, both that the idea of ceremonial cleanness was, in some instances, inseparably attached to sprinkling, and also, that the idea of *separation* was expressed by this act. This is the idea, as I have before shown, which was carried into Christian baptism, the water of which



we may correctly define as "the water of separation." The expression, too, used in Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, is remarkable; "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." Here the very act of purifying from a heathen state is described by the sprinkling of clean water. In the 10th chapter of Hebrews we are directed to draw nigh to God, having our hearts *sprinkled* from an evil conscience. A passage, moreover, in the 9th chapter of this same epistle, is important in this connexion. In the 10th verse the writer alludes to the old covenant as standing in meats, and drinks, and divers washings, or, as it is in the original, "divers baptisms," and then immediately specifies one of these,—the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of an heifer, sprinkling the unclean and sanctifying to the purifying of the flesh. Here, beyond all controversy, sprinkling is called baptism.

On the other side, it need not be shown, that the same ideas of purification and separation are now attached by the Jews to the acts of washing, bathing, &c. both of persons and sacred vessels. This is well known. The remarks we have offered go to prove, that to no one mode were these ideas exclusively confined, and, of course, that there was nothing in the habits of thought among the Jews, which would limit the force of our Saviour's words to any one mode of baptism.

But we advance now to a more important consideration still. There is nothing in the examples of baptism, in the apostolic times, which prescribes any one mode as that which is indispensably necessary. Even if we should admit that Christ was baptized by immersion, and that the apostles invariably practised that mode, it would only prove that that was the mode adopted then to symbolize the idea of purification and separation. Not one word is said to show, that we are not at liberty to symbolize the same idea by other modes which, as we have seen, fully meet the definition of baptism as it was then understood, though for reasons not assigned these other modes were not then used. But we do not make such an admission as that. It cannot be proved, that immersion was always practised. It has been affirmed, that the Mosaic Law did in no cases of purification require the entire immersion of the body; that as a matter of fact, under that law, no such immersions were practised; that the force of the words, to bathe and to wash, is fully met, without supposing any immersion at all.

But, passing this by as a point which we cannot now investigate, if, indeed, it can be certainly determined, it is enough to observe, that the question is open to grave doubt, whether immersion was practised in apostolic times, in any one instance. It is well known, that nothing whatever is proved by the propositions, going down "into" the water, coming up "out of" the water. The preposition rendered "into" is more commonly translated "to," "at," or "by," as in John xx. 4, where, in giving an account of the disciples going to the sepulchre of Christ, we read, the other disciple did outrun Peter and came first "to" the sepulchre; yet, as it is added, went not "in." It shows the care with which this whole subject has been studied, to observe, that one writer has ascertained, that the preposition rendered "out of" is so translated only one hundred and nineteen times, while it is rendered "from" three hundred and thirty-seven times. The balance of use, then, in the prepositions, is strongly against the supposition, that the baptized went into the water at all. But what if they did go down *into* the water? It is a wholly gratuitous supposition, that they were, after all, immersed. The Saviour might have been there consecrated by the pouring or sprinkling of water. This would have been entirely agreeable to the prevailing ideas of setting one apart to a sacred calling, and far more agreeable than immersion to the mode by which the *Levitical* Priests were consecrated, which, as we have seen, was by sprinkling. But admit, that the peculiarity of John's baptism was plunging. The apostles might have adopted another mode, equally expressive of the idea of setting one apart to God, equally agreeable to their previous customs and habits of thought, and far more convenient of administration. That this was done in the cases of the baptism of the three thousand, of the jailer, and of Paul, seems, to say the least, in the absence of all positive evidence, the most probable and reasonable supposition that can be made.

There is an expression used by St. Paul in two several instances, which, as is thought by some, determines conclusively what the apostolic mode of baptism was, and on this account it deserves to be particularly noticed in this connexion. It occurs in Romans vi. 4, and in Colossians ii. 12; in both of which places the Apostle uses the phrase *buried with Christ* "by baptism into his death," as it reads in the former passage, "in baptism," as it reads in the latter. It has been said, that

these words have done more than any other to lead many to think, that immersion was the apostolic mode. But it is by no means certain, that these words have any allusion whatever to the mode. A simple inspection of the connexion, in which these two texts stand, renders it probable, that the apostle used the word *buried* in a figurative sense. Thus he speaks in the passage referred to in Romans of the believer, as being *crucified* with Christ, *buried* with Christ, and *raised* with Christ. In the passage referred to in Colossians, he speaks of the believer as being circumcised with Christ, buried with Christ, and raised with Christ. This allusion to Christ's crucifixion, burial, and resurrection, was after the favorite and universal style of this apostle, who seems to have delighted in tracing correspondences between certain spiritual states of the believer, and the literal facts of Christ's life. But the greater part, at least, of this language, every one sees, is figurative. If any one asks how we can be buried with Christ in baptism, if we are not immersed; we answer; Christ's death and burial are not the only things we are baptized into. We are baptized into his crucifixion, and into his resurrection, as the apostle says, we are crucified with Christ, we are raised with Christ. We ask, then, in our turn, how are we crucified with Christ? Or, to take the case in Colossians, how are we circumcised with Christ? If, in Paul's use of language, our crucifixion and our resurrection are figurative, is it not reasonable to conclude, that the burial spoken of in the same connexion is figurative also? To suppose, that an allusion is made to 'an actual burial in water, is wholly gratuitous. It is out of keeping with the rest of the apostle's language. It is attaching an idea to baptism, which is not once hinted at in any other text in the Scriptures, — the idea of its being typical of Christ's burial; and an idea, let us add, totally foreign to the notion universally entertained of it, as a purifying rite.

We find nothing, then, in apostolic usage or language, which necessarily limits the words of Christ to one particular mode. That in the age succeeding the apostles, and for the first two or three centuries, during the prevalence of that tendency to formalism, which corrupted everything connected with religion, baptism was administered altogether by immersion, must certainly be allowed. This was, doubtless, regarded as the most thorough and orthodox mode. It was connected with many superstitious observances, which encumbered, and perverted, and dis-

graced the rite. Such was the baptism of men and women, naked, to denote their entire nakedness, before putting on Christ, — the assumption of white robes after baptism to symbolize purity, — the anointing the eyes and ears, to denote the sanctification of the senses, — the eating of honey and milk, — the sign of the cross, — breathing upon the baptized, as a sign of imparting the Holy Ghost, the practice of "*trine immersion*," — dipping the body entirely in at the mention of each name in the Trinity, and attributing miraculous influence to the holy water, by which it was efficacious of itself to cleanse from every moral pollution. No chapter in the annals of the church is so revolting as that which describes the history of its positive institutions. It shows how much more apt men are to attach themselves to what is outward, formal, to the letter which killeth, than to the interior principle, the essence, the spirit which giveth life. It deserves to be considered how much the preservation of Christianity itself is owing to the fewness and simplicity of its ordinances.

When we come down to the early part of the third century, we find that Christians had begun to experience the great inconvenience of the mode of baptism, to which the superstition of the age had confined them. In cases of sickness and infirmity they began to depart from the practice of immersion. The weak-minded and timid applied to their spiritual teachers to know if *sprinkling* in such cases was equally valid. We have the reply which was given in one memorable instance to that inquiry, which, for the enlightened and liberal spirit that it breathes, deserves to be quoted. It was given by Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, who flourished A. D. 240, a man of learning and influence, a martyr to his religion, and whose decision deserves more consideration from the fact, that it was confirmed and proclaimed by several ecclesiastical councils, not long afterwards. "You ask me, my dear son, what I think of those who have become subjects of divine grace in a state of languor and sickness, viz. whether they are to be regarded as lawful Christians when they have not been bathed by sacred water, but are bedewed, sprinkled. In regard to this, let not our diffidence and modesty hinder any one to think according to his own opinion, and practise as he thinks. So far as my own humble opinion goes, I think the divine benefits [of the ordinance] are in no degree diminished or cut short [by any mode], nor that anything of the divine bounty is at all dimin-



ished, where it [the ordinance] is received by the full faith of him who receives, and him who administers it. Nor do I think that the contagion of sin is washed away by this salutary ordinance (as the filth of the skin is by corporeal or secular bathing) so that there is need of soap and other means of a bathing-tub and pool, in which the body can be washed and cleansed. The [physical] breast of a believer is cleansed in one way; the mind [or soul] of man in another way, by the deserts of faith. In sacred rites performed as necessity dictates, through divine mercy, divine favor is bestowed on those who sincerely believe. Nor should any be troubled because sick persons be sprinkled, or affused, since they obtain the favor of God; for the Holy Spirit says, by Ezekiel the Prophet, 'I will sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean,' &c. So in the book of Numbers, 'The man who shall be unclean \* \* because the water of sprinkling is not sprinkled upon him.' And again, 'The Lord said the water of purification.' And again, 'the water of sprinkling is purification.' Hence it appears that sprinkling is of like value with the salutary bath; and when these things are done in the church, where the faith is sound of the giver and receiver, all is valid, and may be completed and effected agreeably to the authority of the Lord, and the truth of faith." — As quoted by Prof. Stuart, Bib. Repos., April, 1833, p. 318. It is a confirmation of the views before expressed, that this author did not feel, that the word baptize confined him to one mode through the native and original sense of the word. It is important, also, to observe that, even in that superstitious age, it was believed that the vital and essential idea of baptism did not lie in the particular *mode* of its administration. If this, the belief of modern times, was the opinion then cherished, it is inconceivable that such an answer as the above should have been given. After the time above named, the practice of sprinkling grew more and more common, until, in the Romish Church, it became at length the established usage. At the time of the Reformation it passed into the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Puritan Protestant Churches, through which it has come down to us. In the Lutheran Church the practice of pouring obtains. In the Oriental Churches the mode of immersion has always been observed, and exists to this day.

We have now seen that there is nothing in the original force of the word *baptize*, nothing in the prevailing ideas of the

Jews in the time of Christ, and nothing in the examples of baptism in apostolic times, to limit the words of our Saviour in Matthew xxviii. 19, to one particular mode of administering the ordinance. We now add, that there is nothing in the general spirit of our religion to require this. That spirit, as we all know, lays but little stress upon outward forms and rites. He, who insists upon one method of administering a rite as in itself essential, is far, far behind that converted Jew, who affirmed, "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature." When Christ said, even of the Sabbath, that "it was made for man, and not man for it," how unreasonable to believe that in respect to the ceremony of admission into his Church, he intended that all considerations of convenience, prudence, and safety even, should give place, and that but one particular form should be tolerated. If so much importance is to be attached to the mere adjuncts of a ceremony, to the costume of an ordinance, how is it that the mode, in which the Lord's Supper shall be celebrated, is not prescribed by formalists? In respect to this rite there seems to be much more to justify one in setting up one specific mode as the only valid one. For how precise, it might be pleaded, are the Saviour's words. "This do in remembrance of me." It does not say, do something *like* this. But "*this do*." We have no choice left us. If we do not perform the precise thing, we do not obey the command. We must recline at table as Christ did; we must use the same kind of bread that he used; we must dip a sop as he did; we must have the same wine and the same vessels that he had, and so on without end. What should we say to one who should limit the words "this do" to such a literal construction as this? We should say, and justly, that he exalted the mere accidental circumstances of a rite above the grand spiritual signification and intent of the rite itself, and that he attributed a purpose to Christ which is formal, technical, ritual, Jewish, unworthy of the mind of that Teacher, and in dissonance with the whole spirit of his religion. But all this may be said with far more justice of one who insists upon immersion, as the only valid mode of baptism; for in instituting this ordinance our Saviour did not use phraseology so precise and determinate as that we have just noticed, but employed a term of wide and indefinite signification. We do not blame those for their choice who have a preference for immersion over sprinkling. They have the same right to

their preferences that we have to ours. A diversity of practice in regard to this ordinance may be the means of perpetuating a true idea of baptism, which would be more likely to be lost sight of, if but one mode had obtained. But when a denomination of Christians, however large and respectable, insist upon their mode as the indispensable one, when they affirm that without it there is no baptism at all, no entrance to Christ's Church, and no right to the table of his dying love, we hardly dare trust ourselves to express the feelings which these pretensions awaken in our breast. We can only mourn that, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, there should be such a poor and low comprehension of the essential spirit of the Christian faith. We can only go back and reiterate the words of the apostle, true baptism is not the putting away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience before God. We can only hope better things from the intelligence and charity of a coming day.

We have now occupied so much time upon the meaning and mode of baptism, that we have but little space left to notice two other topics named in the beginning. One of these relates to the question, who are the proper subjects to receive this ordinance? In reply, we can do but little more than say, that the proper subjects are all believing adults, to whom the rite has not been administered, and the infant children of such parents, whether church members or not, who, we have reason to believe, religiously desire to have their children set apart, to be trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. By a portion of our fellow Christians the authority of infant baptism is denied. It is admitted that there is no particular text which commands us to extend the rite to this class of subjects. But the evidence seems hardly the less conclusive, on this account, that it was intended that the ordinance should be administered to them. Without an express word of limitation, the apostles would naturally conclude that the rite of initiation, in the new religion, would be coextensive with that in the old. The same devout feelings and habits which led the apostles, when Jews, to dedicate their male children to their religion by circumcision, would plead with them, when they had embraced the Christian faith, and lead them to extend to their offspring that rite to which circumcision had given place. To prevent the sure operation of this cause, not a word is said by Christ. On the contrary, the affectionate interest which he felt in little chil-



dren, inviting them to come to him, and laying his hands upon them, and blessing them, would certainly encourage the action of parental feeling in the direction here indicated. We have before seen what the evidence is to prove the existence of Jewish proselyte baptism in the time of Christ. It is certain that the children of converts to Judaism were baptized together with their believing parents. If this was the Jewish custom in the time of Christ, the evidence is very much strengthened, that to baptize children with their parents would also be the practice of the apostles, unless their Master gave specific direction to confine the rite to adults alone. Agreeably to this conclusion we read of Lydia, that "she was baptized and her household," Acts xvi. 15; of the Jailer, that he was baptized, "he and all his," Acts xvi. 33; and of Stephanas, that "his household" was baptized, 1 Corinthians i. 16. Now we are not told, it is true, that there were children in these households. But it is probable that there were. The expression "he and all his" seems to point to the head of a family and his children. Certainly a modern Baptist minister would not be likely to describe his immersion only of the adult heads of a family, by saying, I baptized such a one and all his family, or all his. In entire conformity with this view, we find the Christians of an early age practising infant baptism as an established usage. It appears as a custom which existed from the beginning. It occasioned no controversy, as it would probably have done had it been introduced as an innovation. The earliest controversy in relation to the whole subject, of which mention is made, was started about the time of Cyprian, to whom we have before referred; and that related to the question, whether infants should be baptized soon after their birth, or whether, in allusion to the rite of circumcision, it should be delayed until the eighth day. The question was referred to a council of fifty-six Bishops, who unanimously decided that the delay was not necessary. We allude to the fact merely as proof how universally established the custom of infant baptism must have been.

But for our observance of a rite so beautiful, appropriate, and full of meaning in itself, why need we be careful to seek any outward literal authority whereon to rest it? These are practices which carry their authority in themselves. As expressive of a parent's grateful emotions for the precious gift of a child, of his belief in the innocence and purity of the spirit,



which has come to him direct from the hands of God, and of his solemn purpose to set it apart to the Christian faith and a holy life, what act can be more significant, or can be rendered more valid by our holiest feelings, than this of infant baptism? When to this we add, that the rite has been handed down to us through long and distant ages, and that it brings to mind one of the most beautiful acts in the life of Christ, — his laying his hands upon little children and saying, “of such is the kingdom of heaven,” — we are sure we do not err when we say, that for this custom the *heart* does not ask for any other defence, or any other authority whatever.

We shall close with a few words upon the other topic alluded to, — the duties of Christians in relation to this ordinance. A sad day will it be for our churches, when rites, of no obscure origin, traced to the Founder of our religion himself, so venerable in their age, so impressive in their significance, so touching in their simplicity, so beautiful in their associations, shall be suffered to die through our neglect. With hardly rites enough to present the great truths of our faith at all to the imagination and the senses, we should hold on, with a firm and loving hand, to such as we have. Let the believer come, and mark by its appropriate act this, the highest fact in his experience, — his separation to a pure faith and a spotless life. Let him ever remember what the meaning of the ordinance itself is, and the meaning of the words used when it is observed, — that he is set apart to a religion which came from the Father, was revealed by his Son, and confirmed by the influences of his Holy Spirit. The three leading truths of our holy faith are linked together in this sacred rite, that he may be at once and forever separated by them from a world where there is error and sin. And to this sacred rite let the parent bring his child. It is the most solemn testimony he can give of his wishes in respect to it, — his prayers and everlasting hopes. These outward ordinances, as monuments of our duties and visible helps of the spirit, we all need. As ministers, we should enjoin a more careful and faithful observance of them; and the people cannot but be blessed by acts which they come forward to do for themselves.

H. A. M.

## DR. CHANNING.

A GREAT and good man has been removed from among us. A great light in our moral and religious firmament has set. With pain more than we can express, we write the words, Channing is dead! We cannot allow the event to pass without some immediate notice, however brief and imperfect; without some attempt to estimate the amount of the loss we have sustained, and measure the extent of our obligations to his life and labors. We cannot now do this fully, nor in the spirit of criticism. We intend not to delineate his character, or assign him his intellectual rank, his exact place among great men, nor analyze his powers of mind. That is a work for other hands, and for a later hour. It cannot be done worthily, till the mind is calmer, and can take a more dispassionate survey of the work he has done, and the way in which he did it. All that we now pretend to do is, to endeavor to feel ourselves, and make others feel, the debt that we owe to him, looking at what he has done for us from a single point of view, — a debt that not his private friends and his parishioners only owe him, but we, and all around and abroad, near and far, in the community. We owe him a great debt, which it is good for ourselves to appreciate and acknowledge. He has been the benefactor of our minds, more probably than we are well aware. Our slight tribute of acknowledgement could not have flattered him while he lived, nor can it avail him anything now that he is dead. But it is just, it is due, and therefore it avails us something to pay it.

Probably no man has lived among us, who has exerted so large an influence upon the tone of theology, the style of preaching, and the general tenor of religious thought and sentiment, upon our serious literature, as Dr. Channing. Those who knew of him only as an able and celebrated man, standing apart, as it seemed, on the tranquil heights of contemplation, aloof, as it were, from common life, apparently little engaged in the practical details even of his own profession, seldom preaching out of his own pulpit, and not there even regularly, at least of late years, — those who knew him only thus, and they are many, may wonder to hear him spoken of as having accomplished so much. He is one of the last men they would think of as having accomplished anything. But it

would be difficult to designate the man, who has accomplished so much in his day, in his sphere, and that a broad and most important one. Of the early part of his career we know nothing, except the current tradition of the interest and admiration he excited as an earnest, solemn, and effective preacher. Had he died thirty years ago, only this tradition would have remained of him, with perhaps a volume of good practical sermons; and the young would be asking of the old, as is usual with respect to volumes of sermons, how it was that they produced such an impression as they did in their day; and the old would reply, you must have heard him in order to solve that mystery. That is the way we ask and are answered respecting Buckminster, who died young. But Channing lived to furnish the fruit which the rich bloom of his youth promised.

Early in the present century, a division took place among the Congregational Churches of Massachusetts, the Orthodox ministers renouncing all fellowship with the liberal ones, so called. The way had been preparing for this division long years before the crisis occurred, which disclosed, not created, its depth and extent. The separation was accompanied and followed by doctrinal controversies. In these Dr. Channing bore a conspicuous part on the liberal side, and did his share to define and settle the doctrinal theology of the liberal churches. But this was by no means the greatest service he rendered us. Other men could have done this, and did it, as well as he. He was not foremost in this work. He was most wanted after the controversy had subsided. In the doctrinal discussions of that time, the liberal party were of course much occupied in denying, refuting the points of the Calvinist and Trinitarian, reducing their arrogant pretensions, and rebuking their exclusive spirit. It was necessarily for a time, mainly a work of denial, and of pulling down. And when it was time to rest from this, their position being defined, and they came to consider more at leisure what was the state of their own theology, what was it? They had denied and put away a great deal, and what remained? Alas, but an unpromising aspect of things. They had, it is true, a system of morality, very beautiful and discriminating in its details of duty and virtue, and by the cultivated men of that day set forth richly with literary elegances, and the nice polish of the essay style,—but rather cold, not very vital, not based on the highest conception of God or of



man, not on the loftiest principles, and therefore, not the most quickening or elevating,—a system which both sides alike inherited from the old theology, and the old philosophy. And as for a creed, what was it? The old doctrines, trinity, total depravity, original sin, election, decrees, all that used to constitute *the* creed, or *any* creed, was swept away; what was left of which they could make strong points? It is said, we know not how truly, that the preaching of that time was singularly cold, dry, and barren,—preachers retaining the old phraseology in which they had been brought up, but the life of it gone out along with the Calvinistic faith, dull, common-place generalities, or a frigid, denying doctrinizing, and a not very soul-stirring moralizing. We should think it must have been so to a great extent, not at all from any peculiar defect in the intellect or characters of the men of that day, but from their position, from the nature of the case. It was a transition state from the old to the new, a transition which had been in progress for many years. It was like the Israelites going out of the bondage of Egypt, they were going to a fairer, freer land, flowing with milk and honey—but what a waste wilderness between. So with the men of the time we are speaking of. They were passing from an old theology to a new; or rather, from the errors which men had for ages been interweaving with Christianity, back to the simple, original, and genuine faith, once delivered to the saints; and it is not strange, if for a while they lingered with uncertain steps in the desert between. They had not yet fully discovered the inherent riches, the life-giving power of their renewed and purer Christianity. They wanted it, and they would arrive at it, but how? under what guidance? The name of Channing answers that question more fully than any other earthly name or word.

Here lay his true field,—the mission he was called to. He was the *man*, and here was his work. He took up the liberal creed—if creed it can be called, which has no more the form and systematic method of a creed, than the Gospel of John has, or the teachings of Christ—but such as it was, he took it into the embrace of his clear, capacious intellect, his elevated, ardent soul; he fixed upon it the heaven-beaming glance of his spirit's eye, and with his vigorous pen, and his simple, but glorious eloquence, he made it a creed indeed,—no, not a creed, but a religion, all one with the very Gospel of Christ. He unfolded the divinity that lay wrapped up in it; breathed into it the



breath of its original life, disclosed the hidden power that lay in it, and did more, we verily believe, to reproduce the original, unmixed Christianity on the earth, the knowledge and conception of what it really is, than any other man since the apostles' days.

The creed of the Unitarians, as they have since been called, — their creed, indeed ! it is so unlike what creeds have generally been made up of, that no one thinks of calling it a creed ; but whatever it is, — Channing, more than any other man or men, has been its modern restorer, the spiritual Moses, called and endowed in God's providence, to smite the rock in the parched wilderness, and draw from it the life-giving waters. The simple doctrines of Christ, which men were hardly able to regard as doctrines, they were so unlike trinity, depravity, election, and various metaphysical points, to which the word doctrines had long been appropriated, those simple doctrines of Christ, hard to be recognised as doctrines, because they were so simple, he made them doctrines, as Christ did, *the* doctrines, the essential ones, the Gospel, — God's paternal character, his love to man, — the love and service which man is capable of rendering to his Maker, man's spiritual nature and endowments, his power under God of unlimited improvement and self-elevation, the moral capabilities that are wrapt up in a human soul, the inexpressible worth of the soul, its pre-eminent and unapproached importance and dignity among all God's works ; — and then, moral principles, as viewed from this great height of such a religious faith, disinterestedness, self-sacrifice, justice, purity, progress in holiness, — these and such principles raised up from the low ground of expediency and casuistic calculation, and made principles indeed, absolute, unlimited, sublime, like the very Gospel ethics ; and then Christ, the Father's messenger, revealing God and his love, and man and his power, and duty and destiny, redeeming man by purifying, strengthening, elevating him, communicating his own spirit, and becoming to the disciple the way and the life, truth and inspiration, the helper, the comforter, the forerunner within the veil of the spiriual world, — all this wide, unlimited, undefined range of Christian doctrine, was the sphere of Channing. These doctrines so meagre and unsatisfying in the naked statement, what riches did he disclose in them ! What great and beautiful conceptions of them did he express and inspire and spread abroad ! What power he had to bring down the Father in

his glory and his love to man, and to raise man in faith and confidence, in humility and great aspirations to his God, to open immortality to view, and light up the soul with the thoughts and hopes that give the earnest of a deathless nature! What a character, what a spirit, what a teacher, pattern, redeemer, did he discern and disclose in Jesus! Men had called him God before, and made him one with Jehovah; but no man had ever before attained and conveyed so high a conception of Christ, — none had so truly exalted him above all other things, and all former ideas of him, as Channing. What a meaning and purpose he saw and brought out in the cross and the blood, in all the life and death of Jesus, more than it has been given to any other in these days to see. And who else before him had done such justice to man as he, to the religious element, and the moral power that is in him? Keenly alive to the degradation and misery which sin has wrought in the world, so deplorably defacing the divine image in man, feeling its enormity deeply as ever man did, — yet what a noble faith in man, springing from his faith in God, did he cherish and inspire. None before him ever presented views so fitted to animate his fellow creatures to high aims, and great endeavor, and religious strength, and thrilling hopes, — none had made Christianity so rational, so rich, so vital, so fit for God to give and man to take and rejoice in and live by, as Channing. We are not aware that we exaggerate. We mean as we said, that he first clothed the liberal theology with its appropriate light and beauty. He first showed distinctly its wealth of piety, its vast resources for power, comfort, and all spiritual sufficiency. He flourished just at the time, when just this work was wanted to be done, and he was just the man to do it, — to clothe the skeleton of our faith with flesh, and breathe the breath of Gospel life into it, to flush it with the hue of spiritual health, — to make a heart beat warm and gushing within, and present it to the intelligence of the world, as the freest, truest, best embodiment of Christianity, that the world had seen since Christ. We do not mean, of course, that he did this alone, or he wholly. But he first and foremost, he more than any other man. He had able cotemporaries who did their part in the work. There were several men, able and learned men, who did a great deal, far more than he to revive, encourage, and carry forward, the pursuits of biblical scholarship and criticism, and to establish our theology on the firm basis of sound learning. And there were men who

brought larger contributions than he, from the stores of general literature, and classic taste, to adorn our faith, and conciliate and charm the cultivated minds of the time. The names of Freeman, Kirkland, Buckminster, Thatcher, and others, among both the dead and the living, are no mean names in the annals of our theology. Yet they all leave that of Channing, first and brightest, unapproached in the special sphere which we have assigned to him.

And there were orators too in those days, whom to have surpassed or equalled in influence, is the pledge of a rare greatness in the man we are now contemplating, — men, the lustre of whose fame would lead us to think that an era, the brightest era of pulpit eloquence, has just now darkly closed with the fall of the last star in that brilliant constellation — the last, and in some respects the ascendant one. Very often do we hear the name of Holly, in some quarters, spoken with enthusiasm, — Holly, a splendid mind, a strong man, but not a whole man, and therefore of a brief and evanescent influence; a mighty thunderer at the gates of error, but never attaining settled repose on the heights of truth. A brilliant declaimer on this or that point that might arise, tossing about, Titan-like, in the regions of speculation and denial, but not fixed in his views, without a religious system, or any defined religious aim — he, of course, has left no mark upon the world, except a glowing admiration of his dazzling powers in the minds of his hearers, with a vague idea that he in some way scattered Orthodoxy to the winds by the untraceable torrent of his oratory. And above all, there was Buckminster — that reputed seraph of the pulpit, the fascinations of whose almost unearthly eloquence those who heard him can never find words to describe — the man, whom those of us, who never heard him, more wish to have heard, than any other man among us that ever preached the gospel, — one of the few things for which we could have wished to have been born sooner. He was the cotemporary, and, while he lived, the compeer of Channing; of more shining gifts, but by no means having, or fitted, if he had lived, to have the influence upon the age that Channing has had. Buckminster was the more accomplished scholar, but Channing the profounder thinker; Buckminster was the more classical and exquisite writer, Channing grasped the largest themes. Buckminster would win you most luringly to the particular sentiment or point of faith, piety, or duty, which he was immediately considering; he would rouse you from your lethargy, as



by celestial harpings, and make you weep, make you resolve, pray, repent, adore; he could do with you what he would; he would wrap you in the very elysium of holy meditation and feeling. Channing would lift you to an elevation, from which all things in heaven and earth would assume a new aspect, and would communicate a great thought or sentiment to your soul, that would affect all your views of religion, life, death, duty, and destiny, and open to you a whole new volume of the divine nature and your own. Buckminster, we can suppose, would be most satisfactory and edifying to the mass of any single congregation, from Sabbath to Sabbath, more various, more practical, more qualified to meet all the wants of a mixed assembly, through a continued ministry — in a word, the better minister to a congregation; while Channing had greater power to mould his age, to influence the world and posterity, and imprint his own mind permanently upon the mind of society. Channing, had not that ever-abounding variety of topic and thought, which could take up in detail every province of the wide kingdom of God, one by one, in ever diversified view and illustration, passing Sunday after Sunday, from one subject to another, to meet every case in turn, as is so desirable for a single congregation. He might have done this — perhaps he did it in his early and middle life, but latterly, in his sermons and religious tracts, his interest and his thoughts centered about a few leading principles, that lie at the foundation of religion and morality. His mind did not resemble a general *finding-store*, where everything you want is ready prepared to your hand, but rather one of those great warehouses of the richer merchant, where a few of the great staples of consumption lie ready for distribution over all the land, and across all seas.

Of the manner in which Dr. Channing in the last few years of his life devoted himself to the great social questions of the day, particularly to the subject of slavery, it is not our purpose to speak now, only to say, that in this he was consistent, and only took the direction that he must almost of necessity take, in accordance with some of his leading and most cherished views of morality, of man's nature, and rights, and duties. We are considering only his place and influence as a theologian. We have seen that he was the man to give to liberal Christianity its first, its noblest, its completest unfolding. He, more than any other, disclosed its identity with Gospel principles and piety, and its harmony with Christ and his teaching, and presented it to the world as the richest,



sublimest, happiest faith, that ever took hold of the convictions, or engaged the heart of man ; therefore he is in some sense the spiritual father of us all. We may never have heard him speak, we may never have read his works, and yet he has done more than any other to mould our religious views, and color our religious sentiments. His principles, his ideas and conceptions pervade our intellectual and religious atmosphere — we breathe a different air, as far as we can see, for his having lived. He has, by his immediate or his reflected influence, acted upon us all, whether we know it or not. He has taught the teachers. He has done more to form the present race of our preachers, than any other man among the dead or the living. The sermons and other religious literature of the day bear the impress of his mind, more than that of any other man. He would own himself of no sect. "He would not follow or lead any party," so jealous was he for his own and others' freedom ; but there never was a hierarch or heresiarch, who has more truly infused his own thought and spirit into a church or denomination, than Dr. Channing has with respect to us, and those who sympathize with us ; and that not of set purpose, by no love of sway, by no ambition of influence, but by the legitimate, free, untrammelled, and untrammelling influence of truth — truth spoken from deepest conviction, with earnest faith, and ardent love of it — truth, flowing freely as the air around us, investing, enlightening, invigorating all. We are not conscious of ever having borrowed a sentence, a sentiment, an image, or even an expression from Dr. Channing ; and yet we feel that, more than any other man, he has indirectly decided the turn and tone of our minds. He has shaped us without his intending it, or our knowing it. His mind pervades our denomination, like secret leaven, silent and unseen, and yet apparent, if we reflect and analyze.

Dr. Channing has been more printed, read, and appreciated in England than in our own country, because that country is beyond the reach of the local and sectarian prejudices and hostilities that naturally operate here. No American writer, unless we must except President Edwards, has had the celebrity there, which he has had ; and no American *ever* has had a tithe of his influence in moulding the thoughts and sentiments of Englishmen, from court to hovel. No American name, separate from warlike achievement or mere official consequence, is known as widely in the world as Dr. Channing's. And this we will venture to say, though to the superficial observer it will sound paradoxical,

and to him who thinks the national character and condition is affected more by battles, treaties, tariffs, and this or that political measure or system, than by the moral and religious tone of the general mind, the heart that is in the people, the pervading thought that, unseen, underlies the character — though to such, the remark will seem absurd or insane, yet we will say, that since Washington, though we have had and still have men of far more powerful and brilliant intellect, there has not been the man whose influence has been, or is to be, so wide, so pervading, so effective for good and high ends, as the quiet, invisible, partially acknowledged influence of Dr. Channing.

And we, and those who go with us in religion, are the peculiar recipients and inheritors of his spirit and influence. He was one of us. He has had his legitimate access to our minds, undebarr'd by prejudice. His mind and spirit have mingled themselves in almost all the channels of religious instruction and influence among us for a quarter of a century, and will still flow there for the refreshing of unborn generations, who may not know even that he ever lived. Thank God, we have not been called by his name, nor by any name but Christ's; we have not borne his yoke; he had no yoke for himself or others. His love of freedom for himself and his race was his master passion. He has done more than any other man to save us from becoming a narrow sect, fenced in by creeds, and under human leaderships. But his influence, though free and undefined, has not been the less potent, and all the more real and benign for that. — He is gone. He turned his eyes to the setting sun, and with a countenance settled in sweet peace, and radiant with the immortal faith, which was to him in life and in death, even as vision, he resigned his spirit to his Father, and death fixed his seal on that noble brow.

As we looked upon the narrow coffin which contained the slender, fragile form, and scanty ashes, lately animate with so lofty a spirit, and a power that out-swayed the rule of kings, we could not but reflect that no great man could less need to live longer than he. His was an agency and a power that would not die with him. Though he lay silent and cold beneath the pulpit that had been his very throne, and under the arched roof that had echoed to his eloquence, we felt that, though dead, his mind was speaking, and would speak on, when that roof should have fallen in its decay to the ground, and when our children's children should be laid with him in the dust — speak on, and be echoed from unnumbered souls, repeated from unnumbered

tongues, and transfused through invisible channels into the thoroughfares and byways of human thought and feeling.

It is best, no doubt, that we should not fully recognise our true prophets while they live, lest we make them our masters; but it is good that a people should recognise them when dead, at least, and praise the God who has sent them to enlighten and elevate the soul of the world; and how good and needful it is, and urgently incumbent on us, to see to it, that God spread not his light through them in vain to us, that he sow not the seed of his word through their hands into our hearts in vain, but that by all his light we be enlightened, and by all his sowings we be made fruitful in righteousness.

\* \*

#### TENNYSON'S POEMS.

MR. TENNYSON'S poetical fortunes have been singularly various. Some six or seven years ago he first became known, partly by his own extraordinary demerits, and chiefly by a stringent review in the *London Quarterly*. It was supposed that he was, poetically speaking, dead; he certainly was, theatrically speaking, though not theologically, damned. Strange to say, his poems found their way across the Atlantic, and gained favor in the eyes of a peculiar class of sentimentalists. Young ladies were known to copy them entire, and learn them by heart. Stanzas of most melodious unmeaningness passed from mouth to mouth, and were praised to the very echo. The man who possessed a copy was the envy of more than twenty persons, counting women and children; until at length Mr. Tennyson came into possession of a very considerable amount of reputation. His ardent admirers sent to England for copies; but singularly enough, not one was to be had. The poet had bought them all up and committed them to the flames; but moved by the transatlantic resurrection of his poetical character, he set about convincing people that he was alive too at home. He broke upon the world in the twofold splendor of a pair of volumes, published in Mr. Moxon's finest style. His former writings were clipped of many puerilities, and brought nearer the confines of common sense; to them were added many poems, never before printed, some of which are marked by a delicate frost-work kind of beauty. The *London Quar-*



terly Journalists came out immediately with a long and highly laudatory critique, and ranked Mr. Tennyson among the foremost poets of the age, without an allusion to the homicidal attack they had made on him only a few short years before; and without the least apology for surrendering the doctrine of the infallibility of reviewers. The American reprint is page for page from the English, and in excellence of typography and luxury of paper, is not much inferior to the London edition. We understand also that the publishers have honorably agreed to let the author share in the profits, if any, of the American edition. This is as it should be. We hope the example may be imitated.

It does not require much depth to fathom Mr. Tennyson's genius. He certainly has genius. He looks on things with a poetical eye; but they are small things, and his eye is none of the largest. There is nothing wide and comprehensive in his intellectual range — nothing of

“the ample pinion  
That the Theban eagle bare,  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure deep of air,”

in his poetical flights. He has a remarkable alacrity at sinking. Quiet scenes, and soft characters, he delights to portray; and he portrays them with what the painters call a very soft touch. There is a very peculiar music in the flow of his lines and stanzas. It is generally pleasing, sometimes captivates the ear, but often overpowers us by its melting effeminacy. He is a dainty poet. We cannot help fancying him to be altogether finical in his personal habits. He is a sweet gentleman, and delights to gaze upon his image in a glass; his hair is probably long, and carefully curled; he writes in white kid gloves, on scented paper; perhaps he sleeps in yellow curl-papers. We are certain he lisps.

— ὡς ἡλίδιον ἐφθίγξατο  
καὶ τοῖσι χεῖλεσιν διαψύχουσιν.

He is deficient in manly thought and strong expression; but he has fancy and feeling. Instead of uttering what he has to say in a direct, unambiguous, and plain fashion, as the older and better poets did, he surrounds it with a haze of pretty words, bedecks it with sparkling conceits, and sweetens it with sugary sentimentalities. He is fond of “airy, fairy women,” and has drawn a series of sketches, about as distinct and substantial as the forms on dying embers. He is a curious compound of the poet, the dandy, and the Della Cruscan. Affectation is his



prevailing intellectual vice; and it is the badge of a numerous tribe. Sometimes he puts on the simple; and then he outruns the simplicity of Mother Goose, or — but we must deal gingerly with the names of the living, for “caparisons are odorous.” He has certainly grown stronger during his disappearance from the world of letters. The trance he was thrown into by the Quarterly did him good. But something infinitely better than he has yet written is unquestionably within the range of his powers. We shall illustrate our view of his character most clearly by giving a few extracts. For the Mother Goose style, we take the second poem in volume first.

Airy, fairy Lilian,  
Flitting, fairy Lilian,  
When I ask her if she love me,  
Claps her tiny hands above me,  
Laughing all she can;  
She'll not tell me if she love me,  
Cruel little Lilian.

When my passion seeks  
Pleasance in love-sighs  
She, looking thro' and thro' me  
Thoroughly to undo me,  
Smiling, never speaks :

So innocent-arch, so cunning simple,  
From beneath her gather'd wimple,  
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,  
Till the lightning laughs dimple  
The baby-roses in her cheeks;  
Then away she flies.

Prythee weep, May Lilian!  
Gaiety without eclipse  
Wearieth me, May Lilian:  
Thro' my very heart it thrilleth  
When from crimson-threaded lips  
Silver-treble laughter trilleth:  
Prythee weep, May Lilian.

Praying all I can,  
If prayers will not hush thee,  
Airy Lilian,  
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,  
Fairy Lilian.

The “Song to the Owl” is another precious piece; we do not wonder at that respectable bird for “complaining to the moon,” if his “ancient solitary reign” is often molested by such melodies.

Dora has been much praised; but the concluding lines are not remarkably poetical.

So those four abode  
 Within one house together; and as years  
 Went forward, Mary took another mate;  
 But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

The "Talking Oak" is one of the best pieces in the book. The tree is a little *sappy*, to be sure, and discourses somewhat tenderly for an oak; but it was probably a very green one. We would give it, but it is too long for quotation. We have room only for the poem entitled "Locksley Hall."

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn:  
 Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.  
 'T is the place, and round the gables, as of old, the curlews call,  
 Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;  
 Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,  
 And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.  
 Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,  
 Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.  
 Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,  
 Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.  
 Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime  
 With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;  
 When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;  
 When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:  
 When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;  
 Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be. —  
 In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the Robin's breast;  
 In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;  
 In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;  
 In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.  
 Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,  
 And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung,  
 And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak and speak the truth to me,  
 Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."  
 On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,  
 As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.  
 And she turn'd — her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs —  
 All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes —  
 Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"  
 Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee  
 long."  
 Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;  
 Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.  
 Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;  
 Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.  
 Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,  
 And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,  
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin shallow-hearted! O my Amy mine no more!  
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,  
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — having known me — to decline  
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,  
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,  
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,  
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine.  
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:  
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand —  
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,  
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!  
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!  
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well — 't is well that I should bluster! — Hadst thou less unworthy  
proved —

Would to God — for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?  
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come  
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?  
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move:  
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?  
No — she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,  
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,  
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,  
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd by phantom years,  
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.  
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.  
"T is a purer life than thine: a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.  
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.  
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,  
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings — she herself was not ex-  
empt —

Truly, she herself had suffer'd" — Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore should I care?  
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?  
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.  
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,  
When the ranks are roll'd in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,  
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relieve in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.  
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,  
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,  
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,  
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men;



Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;  
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd, ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,  
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint,  
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,  
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,  
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,  
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,  
Full of sad experience moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,  
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string?  
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain —  
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,  
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat  
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starred;  
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander far away,  
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,  
Breadths of tropic shades and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,  
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree —  
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind  
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing-  
space;

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinnew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,  
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,  
Not with blinded eyesight pouring over miserable books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild,  
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,  
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage — what to me were sun or clime?  
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time —

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,  
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.  
Let the peoples spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the world we sweep into the younger day:  
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun:  
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun —

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.  
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!  
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,  
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunder-bolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;  
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

C. C. F.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Life of Jean Paul Frederic Richter. Compiled from various Sources. Together with his Autobiography. Translated from the German.* Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1842. 2 vols. 16mo.

THE two noble and priceless papers on the life, labors, sufferings, and writings of Jean Paul, which Mr. Carlyle has given us in his "Miscellanies," and which have been so long in all hands and hearts, leave us but little to say, and little courage to say anything on the subject, more than to recommend, which we do most warmly, this new Biography of the wonderful man, to all who may peruse our pages. Of all the German writers and men Richter is the one whom we are most eager that our countrymen should appreciate and understand, for we feel sure that when they do, they will love and admire and cherish him as a bosom friend, and find in him pure inspiration. He is to us by far the most suggestive, soul-stirring, improving of German minds. We profess to know him, and yet, for that very reason, in a case so peculiar as this, we should feel great distrust of ourselves in undertaking to make him known to such as have not conversed with him, that is to say, by attempting anything like a dissection or description of his genius. Carlyle has somewhere remarked, that the anatomist cannot operate till the subject is dead. But as the subject in this case happens to be a full-grown living man — a living soul, that is, big with the breath of life, large and free as nature, we should tremble before the task of having to analyze or delineate it to the world's eye. Moreover, although we have given a good deal of attention to Jean Paul's works, and have long wandered through their winding glades and over their bracing, magnificent mountain-heights, we have never yet reached the summit of summits, whence we could feel that we had such a command of the whole diversified surface, as to be able to give confidently an impression of its whole character. In other words, we feel ourselves too near the heart of this writer to make a critical survey of him for the public. Still we have such a deep love and reverence for the man, and admiration for the writer, that, even after the good and invaluable things that have been said of him, we feel moved to add our mite of impression and of praise.

If any one should ask us to characterize Richter, we should

reply, characterize nature, and then we will comply with your wish. Richter is nature, if ever man could so be called. Nor do we mean that he is a man of no character. We mean to say, that, in our view and feelings, he is the Shakspeare of Germany. We, too, have in our own mind, often been led, as Mrs. Lee does at some length in the book before us, to contrast Jean Paul with another, who is perhaps more generally considered amongst us the great man of German authors, namely, Goethe. We, however, are inclined to make the contrast much more favorable to Richter, or less so to Goethe, than she does. *This* has always seemed to us the difference between the two men, that Jean Paul's heart embraced everything, while Goethe's held everything at a distance. We mean to say, that what is called Goethe's *all-sidedness* has always seemed to us to be a cold indifference of heart to the many forms of humanity, which passed only as a curious phenomenon before his dry vision, while Richter seems to us, with his large and glowing bosom, to meet all the aspects of human life and lot with a profound and tender and immortal interest.

It may sound singularly to many, when we confess that we have often of late been tempted to illustrate to our countrymen what Richter is as a writer, by calling him the German Dickens. Of course this comparison holds only in respect to the exquisite blending of humor and pathos, of the droll and the tender, and to that keen sense of the difference between what is truly great and what is only disguised littleness in human life, in which the English writer and the German do certainly bear a striking likeness to each other. Superadd to Dickens a more wide and elevated acquaintance with life in all its circles and conditions, —enrich his mind immensely with stores of the most heterogeneous and significant facts and images from all ages and all departments of knowledge, —quicken his already lively sense of the beauty of outward nature into an all-animating and boundless glow of devotion and love; let his mind be filled with all knowledge of metaphysical systems, without enslaving in the least his own power of thought, —and you will have something like a Jean Paul. We mean to say, that in "wit and fun and fire," in the union of tender sensibility to what is most true and beautiful, with moral indignation at what is base, —in short, in some of those characteristics which make Jean Paul most peculiarly dear to us, he may well be called the Boz of Germany. We do not think we could better *begin* to recommend him to American readers than by such a parallel as this.

Whether Richter was a Christian in his creed, or what sort



of a Christian, we know not, but we know that he had the catholic spirit of Christian charity. As to peculiarities of religious belief, he seems to lay much stress, directly and indirectly, upon the principle, that "he who doeth the will of God shall know of the doctrine." A pure moral purpose reigns, a true religious aspiration breathes through the pages of Jean Paul. Heartily and confidently do we respond to his declaration respecting himself; — "In the coldest hour of existence, in the last hour, oh, ye who have so often misunderstood me, I can lift up my hand and swear, that I have never at my writing-table sought anything else than the good and beautiful, so far as my circumstances and powers permitted me in any measure to attain it, and that I have often erred, perhaps, but seldom sinned. Have you, like me, withstood the ten-years'-siege of a poverty-stricken, unbefriended existence, uncheered by a single smile of approbation or sympathy, and have you, when neglect and helplessness were warring against you, as they have against me, remained true to the beauty which you recognised as such?" Yes, no one can read Richter long without feeling that, amidst all and in all his eccentricities, he has a great, high, religious object. We do not wish to do injustice to it by a formula of words. Every calm and candid reader must feel and own it. He has been, with great injustice we think, characterized of late in one of our principal Reviews as being at the head of the Bedlam School. We should say to those who complain of Jean Paul's want of method, that he aspires to imitate Nature's plan. This may seem presumption to some, to us it does not.

Among the exquisite sayings, that are scattered along the pages of Richter's voluminous works, is this. "Herder and Schiller both proposed to be surgeons in their youth. But Providence said, no; there are deeper wounds than those of the body, and both became authors." Richter expresses here that sense of the greatness and worth of his calling as a writer, which was always before him, above him, and within him. He seems to us a physician of the mind and soul. He can

"Minister to the mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow."

In the work before us we have some, would we had more, specimens of his singular and so often effectual correspondence with those of his countrymen and countrywomen, who wrote to him as their spiritual comforter and counsellor.

Death arrested the busy hand and heart of this extraordinary man, in the midst of the preparation of a work on the immor-

tality of the soul. There is a passage in the preface to this work (Selina) which has peculiarly impressed us. "It may be asked (he says) why is there no humor in Selina? I answer, not because the subject did not admit of it, — for see my *Campanian vale*, — (a former work on the same subject); not because I was too old, — for see my next work, — (a great comic work which he had planned out); the simple reason is, that I had no inclination for it."

It has been our purpose in what we have said simply to give our prominent impressions of an extraordinary man and writer, in such a way as should induce others to possess themselves of Mrs. Lee's beautiful Biography, in which he speaks largely for himself, and thereby to wish to read still more of Jean Paul's works. As to the execution of the work before us, we can only express our sincere sympathy and gratitude for the deep and true appreciation, with which the author has approached her subject, and the felicity with which she has developed it amidst a peculiarly perplexing quantity of rich materials, which we only regret that the publishers or the public would not permit her to present to us entire.

---

*The Concessions of Trinitarians. Being a Selection of Extracts from the Writings of the most eminent Biblical Critics and Commentators.* By JOHN WILSON, Author of Scriptural Proofs and Scriptural Illustrations of Unitarianism. Manchester. 1842. 8vo. pp. 614.

WE cannot conceive of a trinitarian looking this book in the face, without a decided sinking of the heart, without a sense of the ground, which he had taken to be so solid, sinking from under him, without the involuntary ejaculation, Save me from my friends. For here are six hundred pages of refutation of trinitarianism, by trinitarians themselves, drawn from over two hundred eminent writers of that denomination. In other words, it is a volume of extracts from celebrated Orthodox writers of all ages of the church, in which they have given Unitarian expositions of Trinitarian proof-texts. And it appears from examining the work, what indeed has often been loosely asserted, that there is not one out of all the passages in the Bible brought forward in support of the doctrine of the Trinity, which, by one or more trinitarian writers, has not been given up to their opponents, as admitting or requiring a unitarian interpretation. Here, therefore, we have a perfect armory of weapons for the destruction of the Great Error furnished by the believers and defenders

of the error themselves. That here and there, by the advocates of any particular theological doctrine, an argument, or a text, should be surrendered to the enemy as unavailable, were natural enough; but that every such argument and text should by one or another be surrendered, is certainly strange, — so strange, that no other example of the same thing exists in the whole history of opinion, — and in a fair mind must give rise to at least uneasy doubts of the truth of a doctrine, all the pillars of whose support have, one after another, been thrown down by its believers. In truth, this volume of "Concessions" strikes us as the most remarkable volume in the history of controversy, — alike happy in its conception and successful in its execution. The author thus describes his own purpose in preparing the work.

"In the present work, the author's chief aim has been to put forth what he conceives to be strong presumptive evidence for the great Biblical truth, that the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is the Sole and Supreme Deity, on whom every other person or being is dependent, and from whom they have derived their existence and their powers. This presumptive evidence is involved in the extraordinary fact of the most distinguished Trinitarians either having distinctly acknowledged, that, apart from each other, the texts commonly adduced in support of a Triune God, and of the Deity of the Son, and the Holy Ghost, as a third hypostasis in the Godhead, do not prove these doctrines; or having rendered and interpreted them in such a manner as to show their invalidity for the purpose for which they are brought forward; thus unintentionally and indirectly, but not the less conclusively, betraying the insufficiency of the foundation on which it is attempted to erect the fabric of Trinitarianism.

"That the kind of argument here employed to support the doctrine of the simple unity of the Divine Being is of no inconsiderable weight, will be evinced by the fact, that "orthodox" Christians, as well as others, most readily and gladly wield it, when, in combatting with unbelievers, they adduce from the most eminent Deists testimonies favorable to the supreme excellence of Christ's character, to the special divinity of his mission, or to the unrivalled holiness and beneficial influences of his religion." — *Preface*, p. vi.

The volume is divided into three parts; first, an introduction; then the authorities on the texts found in the Old Testament, in the order of the books; then, lastly, those on texts in the New, also in the order of the books; — an arrangement as it is the most natural and simple, so it is the best that could have been adopted. A copious index, and an alphabetical catalogue of the Trinitarian writers quoted, close the volume.

To show the *working* of this curious volume, let us suppose a trinitarian inquirer to have occasion to refer to his authorities on the text 1 John v. 7. He turns to such works as are nearest at hand. He finds on his own shelves the *Lectures on the*



Trinity by the learned Dr. Wallis of the English Church, a sound divine. Turning to the passage he finds it written thus ;

"The word *person* is not applied in Scripture to *these three* so called : it is not there said, 'These three *persons* are one,' but only 'These three are one.' It is but the church's usage that gives to these *three somewhat* the name of *persons*." — p. 559.

But this will not do, so he turns to Le Clerc, who says ;

"Dr. Hammond does but wrangle with all the most learned interpreters, who interpret *are one* of consent. And the reason why they understand these words of consent is, first, because they are so taken in John x. 30, and xvii. 21 ; secondly, because here the discourse is about a unity of testimony, and not about a unity of nature." — p. 559.

This is worse yet. He applies to the Catholic Church, and consults Father Simon, who says ;

"The most learned writers of the New Testament do not expound it with reference to the Trinity. The ancient ecclesiastical writers, who applied it to that mystery, followed the custom of that time, which was to give to Scripture such a theological sense, as was accommodated to the faith then received in the church. . . . These three, says Father Amelote, are one in their testimony. The Father bare record of Christ at the river Jordan, the Word by his discourses and actions, and the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove, and by his miraculous gifts. — p. 559.

Father Simon is as far from the purpose as the others. Somewhat startled by this agreement among Trinitarians against the Trinitarian sense of this first rate proof-text, as he had always supposed it, he opens Bishop Middleton on the Greek article. The Bishop is more heterodox than the rest.

"I suppose," he says, "*ἐν εἷναι*, in ver. 7, to be expressive only of *consent* or *unanimity*, and not of the consubstantiality of the Divine Persons ; for otherwise *το ἐν*, of ver. 8, could not be imagined to have any reference to *ἐν* in ver. 7 ; I mean . . . on the assumption of the authenticity of that verse. Now that *ἐν εἷναι* in the supposed verse 7 would not bear any other sense, has been admitted by very zealous Trinitarians ; of which number was the late Bishop Horsley. But, not to argue from authority, let it be considered how the phrase *ἐν εἷναι* is elsewhere used in the New Testament. In 1 Cor. iii. 8, *ἐν εἷναι* is affirmed of him that planteth, and him that watereth ; where nothing more than unity of purpose is conceivable. With St. John, *ἐν εἷναι* was, as we have seen, a favorite phrase : in John xvii. 22, Christ prays to the Father, that the disciples *ἐν ὡσιν, καθὼς ἡμεῖς ἐν ἑσμέν*. These passages, I think, decide the import of the expression in John x. 30, and wherever else it occurs in the New Testament." — p. 560.

Having now exhausted the authorities in his own library, he applies elsewhere, and happens to light upon Porson, (Letters



to Archdeacon Travis,) Davidson, (Lectures on Biblical Criticism,) Calvin, Beza, McKnight, Rosenmüller, Lücke, Bloomfield, Erasmus, Schleusner, Bishop Burgess, and Dr. J. P. Smith, — by all of whom, learned Trinitarians, to his amazement, a Unitarian sense is given to this celebrated text. Our inquirer is now fairly awake. Remembering that Bishop Middleton expressed a doubt, — new to him, — as to the authenticity of the verse, he resolves to know the whole truth, and to look up this question also. He turns to the most Orthodox authorities; first to Bishop Lowth, who says;

“We have some wranglers in theology, sworn to follow their master, who are prepared to defend anything, however absurd, should there be occasion. But I believe there is no one among us, in the least degree conversant with sacred criticism, and having the use of his understanding, who would be willing to contend for the genuineness of the verse, 1 John v. 7.” — p. 561.

This seems decisive enough, but he looks into Michaelis also, who speaks more positively still on the same side.

“We have no reason to suppose, that the celebrated passage in the first Epistle of St. John (v. 7), which is universally omitted in the old Greek manuscripts, was erased by the fraud of the Arians. . . . That great reformer of our religion [Luther] being persuaded that the well-known passage in the first Epistle of St. John (chap. v. 7) was not authentic, refused it a place in his translation of the Bible, and in the preface to his last edition, protested solemnly against it; requesting those who were of a different opinion to leave his writings uncorrupted, and rather to make a new translation, than obtrude on the old what he denied to be genuine. But, guided by mistaken zeal in support of orthodox opinions, the divines of Germany, long after the death of Luther, inserted this spurious passage, and yet retained the name of ‘Luther’s version’ on the title. — One should suppose, that no critic, especially if a Protestant, would hesitate a moment to condemn, as spurious, a passage which is contained in no ancient Greek manuscript; is quoted by no Greek Father; was unknown to the Alogi in the second century; is wanting in both Syriac versions, in both Arabic versions, in the Coptic, Armenian, Ethiopic, and Slavonian versions; is contained only in the Latin, and is wanting in many manuscripts even of this version; was quoted by none of the Latin Fathers of the four first centuries, and to some of them, who lived so late as the sixth century, was either wholly unknown, or was not received by them as genuine.” — p. 562.

He looks further, into the *Quarterly Review*, January 1822, and finds this high Church Orthodox Journal discoursing thus;

“We have the most sincere respect for the Bishop of St. David’s; but we cannot peruse the declaration [of his belief in the genuineness of the passage] without astonishment. . . . The doctrine of the Trinity . . . is capable of being satisfactorily maintained from many other

passages of Scripture; passages less open and direct, indeed, than this before us, but, &c." — p. 563.

But determining to make thorough work of his investigation, he consults successively all the writers to whom he chances to have access, such as, Grotius, Adam Clarke, Rosenmüller, Father Simon, Le Clerc, Bishop Tomline, Bishop Marsh, Professor Porson, Dr. Wardlaw, Coleridge, Bishop Bloomfield, &c. &c., but by all these great men, as by those first referred to, he finds the verse in question rejected as spurious. What *must* he think?

It is evidently quite within the limits of possibility, that the case we have supposed should actually happen. If our imaginary inquirer should carry his investigations into all the other proof-texts, and should chance to light upon such authorities as are gathered together in the volume by Mr. Wilson, which is a possible thing, one cannot easily conceive his astonishment at finding the whole Trinitarian ground abandoned by Trinitarians themselves, to their opponents. And though he should be told that other Trinitarian writers, equally learned, would tell a very different story, still, he cannot conceal it from himself, that the fact, at a knowledge of which he has thus accidentally arrived, is a very strong presumption, to say the least, against the scriptural foundation of the great doctrine which he has been accustomed to regard, as imbedded not more deeply in men's faith and affections than in the very substance of the Bible.

The public, the Unitarian public, that is, are under great obligations to Mr. Wilson for the great work he has so well accomplished. As one portion of that public, we offer him our hearty thanks. We consider him to have produced one of the most powerful Unitarian tracts ever published, and we hope to see it widely circulated among us, if not through an American edition, at least through a large number of imported copies.

---

*Human Life; or Practical Ethics. From the German of De Wette.* By SAMUEL OSGOOD. Boston: James Munroe and Co. 1842. 2 vols. 12mo. Ripley's Specimens, Vol. 12th.

Not having room, at present, to take this book up as an "Examiner" and discuss it thoroughly, nor even to present, as we could wish, the results of our private examination, we must content ourselves with expressing the high satisfaction it has given us, in the hope of persuading others to enjoy the same. We should not, indeed, had we room, think we were doing any sort of justice to a work, which so well deserves its title of

"Human *Life*, or *Practical Ethics*," by undertaking to give an abstract or skeleton of its contents, in the shape of headings of chapters and beginnings of paragraphs;—such a skeleton would convey but a poor idea of the living man, with all his blood and muscle, with the glow of health and beauty on his cheek, and the soul beaming from his eye;—nor should we presume to hand round separate bricks as specimens of the noble edifice, as we cannot convey the whole living work to our pages, nor forestall the author by reproducing him in our own words, we would only and can only invite our readers to enter the beautiful and august temple he has erected, and assure them that, if they truly converse with the spirit of the Architect, (to speak of nothing higher,) they will come back wiser and nobler beings.

In plain prose, we cordially greet this work as an admirable companion and successor to "Jouffroy's Survey of Ethical Systems," which appeared in former volumes of Mr. Ripley's Series. De Wette manifests many of the qualifications for an Ethical writer, which charmed us in the French Philosopher. He has the same "clearness of spirit," to use the name which he himself assigns to one of the cardinal virtues in his plan, and the same glow of goodness, or, to use another of his designations, the same "moral earnestness, or inspiration." Perhaps, indeed, De Wette's classification of moral qualities is not always strictly philosophical; perhaps in certain cases, some of the nicer and more fastidious spiritual chemists might think they could analyze what he calls one quality into two or more; and phrenologists, of course, would not agree to his division of the moral manifestations. It must be remembered, however, (waiving the phrenological question,) that the classification and nomenclature of the faculties and feelings are in a great measure arbitrary, and dependent upon the individual genius of the systematizer; it must be considered, too, that this is a work of *practical* ethics; and this considered, we feel sure that any reader of good sense will find our author philosophical enough for all practical purposes. Any one, who merely glanced at the headings of the pages, might be disposed to charge the author with having loosely mixed up elementary principles and manifestations of character together; but upon examination he will find that De Wette recognises but very few fundamental principles of morality, and that *all* those particular titles, "Clearness of mind," "Patience," "Temperance," &c. express only different modes or manifestations of (perhaps we should say *one*) elementary principle. "Thus (he says) everything that concerns human duty is an effluence from pure respect and love for



man; and the various precepts and obligations are like the prismatic colors into which the pure light is divided." We have seldom conversed with a writer, who so well exemplifies a remark of Mr. Dewey in his Phi Beta Oration, (we quote from memory,) that "where there is strong thinking there will always be strong feeling, and the reverse." To use Coleridge's illustration, he resembles not a close stove, giving out heat darkly; nor the moon, giving light coldly; but the sun, pouring at once light and warmth. We wondered, at first, that Mr. Osgood did not translate "*geistesklarheit*" literally, "clearness of spirit;" but upon the whole we prefer it as he has it, "clearness of mind," because the importance of seeing things clearly as they are seems to us to have been too little considered in moral culture, and many a man becomes a sinner merely or mainly from seeing things in a mist, who, if clearness of mind had been cultivated in him, might have been a man of eminent virtue. We like the author's placing this quality in the foreground. We think it an originality in his system.

On the whole, this is one of the best works, if not the best, of the class, we have seen. We assure those of our readers, who have been accustomed to associate with the word Ethics an idea of something dry and dull, that they will find no dryness or dulness here. They will find ample refreshment along the road, in the details and execution of the work, while they are won upward and onward by the great idea which is its end and goal.

We call De Wette an original thinker. He seems to us to take hold of his great subject in a master-like manner. We were very much struck with his picture of the wise man, which, by the way, made us think vividly of one who was a bosom friend of the author, the late Dr. Follen.

"Would that I could portray the ideal of the wise man in strong, grand traits, worthy his elevation and greatness, and, at the same time, with the gentle power of sweetness and amiability which belongs to him! Would that I could open the view into his lofty, clear mind, into his large, pure heart, and show how life, like a grand landscape, which is viewed from a mountain, lies before him in comprehensive, sunny prospect, with all its varied paths,—with gentle, lovely vales, where quiet shepherds have settled,—with tumultuous, bustling cities, in which manifold business throngs,—with the great highways, which connect the people with each other; how nothing appears strange and insignificant to him, and he accepts and values everything in its own place; how he contemplates with kindly regard the playing child, the striving youth, the struggling man, the hoary sage, and assigns to each his place in life; how he has sympathy with the gladsome animal spirits of youth, and the earnest striving and judgment of age; how he



values and honors, each according to its proportion, the industry of the quiet citizen, the rational activity of the official, the ready courage of the warrior, the calm reflection of the scholar, the religious contemplation of the clergyman, the shaping power of the artist, the inspiration of the poet, and recognises and vindicates every good faculty and gift; how, with his clear mind, he is able to remove every discord of life, every entanglement and misunderstanding, and to bring every jarring note into accordance with the universal harmony; how his heart beats for all that is great and sublime, and, at the same time, for all that is fair and lovely; how the trumpet of war, the flute of the shepherd, and the organ notes of sacred devotion, touch kindred chords in his own bosom; how he takes part in the cheerful throng of the multitude, and, also, as holy priest, cherishes the flames of inspiration and devotion upon the altar of his heart; and how, discharging his duty, a cheerful citizen of the earth, satisfied with his lot, and filling the sphere allotted to him, he longingly lifts his gaze up to the everlasting home! Could I present this picture truly, vitally, strikingly, then I should solve a great problem, and give utterance to what has filled and moved my mind.

"But if I can succeed at all in this, it can be only by gradual development. Gradually I must unfold to your eyes the wise man's plan of life, and from separate traits compose the whole picture. Science cannot, like art, crowd the whole fulness of ideas into a single figure, which, with instantaneous power of representation, seizes upon the heart and mind, and excites its inmost depths. It has not at its command the glow and brilliancy of coloring, nor the marvellous power of tones; it may not, with the poet, trust to the wings of imagination; but it must quietly, discreetly, and steadily wend its way, and guide the thinking mind, by the thread of ideas, to the goal of truth. But it may turn to the heart, and appeal to its inmost, holiest feelings; to the heart it should appeal, since only in harmony with the heart can the mind comprehend the highest, and penetrate the sacred deep. Would that I could awaken in your minds and hearts the lofty thought, the sublime sentiment, in which the idea of wisdom consists! As every thing great is extremely simple, so also is wisdom. However much may be said upon it, all things return to a single one; we must contemplate the different sides, but all converge in a centre; all the richness of life, with its tendencies and efforts, enters into the life-plan of the wise man; and yet there is but one law of life, one direction, in which all unites. Should I succeed in making this one thought clear, in awakening this single feeling, then should I properly have done more than poets and artists have been able to do by their creations. In this elementary thought and elementary feeling a creative power lies hid; all which human life has of grand, majestic, beautiful, is enfolded within it, as in a germ. To him who bears within himself this thought and this feeling, all the mysteries and wonders of the world reveal themselves; all buds spring forth before him, and display their fulness of beauty; all mists fall away from his consecrated vision, and the world stands in sunshine before him; all fragmentary and distorted features are arranged into a living form of beauty; all discordant notes melt into wonderful harmony. As the creative fiat called forth from dark chaos the radiant order of the world; the primeval waters

separated themselves; heaven, with its lights, stretched itself over the earth, clothed as it was in plants and flowers, and peopled with living creatures; and, at last, man appeared, the lord of creation, the image of God; — so the wise man, communing with God, and godlike by his understanding of the divine law, possesses the power to create anew, with the free spirit of divine wisdom, the world, so misunderstood by man, and life, so dismembered and distorted by errors, to behold, with the open vision of a seer, the eternal harmony and beauty of creation — to interpret all enigmas — to remove all perplexity. If artist and poet present single traits of sublimity and beauty, the wise man is the poet, who forms in himself, with comprehensive mind, the infinite figure of the universe, and carries within himself all the archetypes of beauty. He stands at the fountain from which all spiritual life flows, and quaffs the drink of immortality, eternal youth and beauty." — Vol. I. p. 57.

We cannot resist the temptation (notwithstanding what we said above about showing a brick as a specimen of the building) to quote one more passage among a hundred that take strong hold of us, which may give, too, some idea of the author's "stand-point."

"There is a wide distinction between the faults and weaknesses of a truly virtuous man, and the transgressions and vices of him who has in himself certain good qualities as natural gifts, or mere habits. The light of genuine virtue beams in its own peculiar splendor, even while spots appear upon it; and it shines far differently from the faint, obscured lustre of the virtue that springs from native temperament, or from mere habit. Even if a tree has some defect, — even if, on the side where it lacks light and air, the growth is retarded, — yet the other branches are green and blooming, fresh and flourishing. It is thus with human virtue. If it is only living as a whole, — if it springs from inward power and fulness, — it may be imperfect by a defect or weakness; yet this imperfection, although blameworthy, does not take away its peculiar essence.

"True virtue is a whole, cast from a single piece, solid and pure; not a mixed mass, molten from different ores, nor carefully soldered together from various pieces. It is a living body, with a living soul; not a puppet, which is hung with drapery to make it counterfeit the human form; and its actions are living motions, springing from inward impulse and life, not produced by force and artificial calculation. This truth should be recognised, in order to avoid all delusion from the deceptions of hypocrisy, and from the anxious efforts of those who are studious merely of a refined outward good breeding; and in order, even in sincere endeavors after virtue, to escape the error of acting as if it depended upon this or that particular, or this or that excellence — an error which frustrates all sincere endeavor, since the energies are thereby turned towards scattered particulars, and thus dismembered. They who covet virtue should know, that they ought to strive after complete virtue with the whole soul, and that they have to gain the whole or none; they ought, therefore, before they apply themselves to this or that dutiful deed, and appropriate this or that good moral, to be

roused to perform, before all things, the elementary and original act of turning the mind towards virtue, and make a beginning of all morality, by determining to be moral from the inmost heart, with all the energy of the soul, with all love and all zeal." — Vol. I. pp. 102, 103.

De Wette's morality is eminently Scriptural and Christian; correct, as it seems to us, and catholic, a beautiful spirit of piety breathes through the book. But we should have said as much, had we simply said that it is the work of a true, unexaggerated, undistorted German.

We close, as we began, with a warm welcome and recommendation of the volumes before us, fully sensible how coldly and feebly we have spoken of their merits. We have as yet said nothing of the Translator and his work. He has shown here, what we already well knew him to possess, a fine command of his own language, as well as knowledge of the German; and has very purely and beautifully represented his author in good, sound, manly English.

- 
1. *The Common School Grammar. A Concise and Comprehensive Manual of English Grammar.* By JOHN GOLDSBURY, A. M., Teacher of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. Boston: James Munroe and Co. 1842.
  2. *A Sequel to the Common School Grammar; containing, in addition to other Materials and Illustrations, Notes and Critical Remarks on the Philosophy of the English Language; and Explaining some of its most difficult Idiomatic Phrases. Designed for the Use of the First Class in Common Schools.* By JOHN GOLDSBURY, A. M. Boston: James Munroe and Co. 1842.

THE first of these little books comes before the public so highly recommended by some of our most distinguished scholars, that nothing need be added on our part. The testimony of Professor Noyes is of a very decided character. He says,

"I have given your Grammar as careful an examination as my leisure will permit; and am of opinion, that, for clearness, brevity, happy arrangement, abundance of instructive illustrations, and exclusion of useless or unimportant matter in a treatise for the young, your book deserves a very high rank among the manuals which are in use. If it should displace some of them, the public will be a gainer in several respects." — p. 1.

The "Sequel" to the Common School Grammar appears to be well worthy of a place by the side of its predecessor.



Whether there are any better books than this of the same kind, now in use, we are too ignorant of school manuals to declare; but of this we are sure, that the Sequel is in itself a good book, and cannot be introduced into any school without the most decided advantage. A great deal of information of a very necessary kind, not often found in school compends, — or formerly was not, — is conveyed in an intelligible and agreeable manner. Of his purpose in preparing this volume Mr. Goldsbury says, "It is merely what its title expresses, a sequel to that (the first) work, containing such further materials and illustrations as have been thought necessary to give a clear and full view of the subject. Consequently, it will be necessary for the learner to acquaint himself with that work, or some other like it, previously to his entering, to advantage, upon the study of this." We are glad to observe that Mr. Goldsbury's attention has been turned to prevailing vulgarisms, and that he has not thought a few pages wasted upon them. A much larger list of errors, not quite so gross as those he has collected, might be added to the present catalogue with excellent effect. The common school teacher has an immense power for good or evil, over the common speech of the country. He comes next to the mother and the fire-side school; and although he cannot be expected to undo all the mischief that has been done there in the way of vulgarisms, bad grammar, and worse pronunciation, yet if he should sufficiently feel the importance of the work, he can repair a part of the evil, and by his lectures in the school-house send home the children every day with one or two faults corrected. A lesson on the subject should be an every-day lesson, till our language is purged of its impurities, and even till the nasal twang, the needless shame of New England, shall be heard only on the stage, by some future Hill, entertaining posterity with traditionary imitations of their tuneful ancestors.

---

*An Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston, July 4, 1842. By HORACE MANN.*

THIS, we do not doubt for a moment, is the most valuable discourse ever delivered on a fourth of July. We do not believe that on any other day, or on any other occasion, a discourse has been delivered in this country which it was so important, that the people of the country, one and all, should hear, or read, then inwardly digest, and then set to work and apply, as this of Mr. Mann. It abounds in wise counsel, useful instruction, terrific warning. Fearless, honest truth, spoken in earnest tones, are its characteristics. He strips off all mas-



querading disguises, and reveals the people to themselves,—shows them as they are, with all their faults and vices hanging thick about them. Here are no soft touches of the flattering artist, skilful to conceal blemishes and heighten beauties, but the strong bold strokes, the deep, black shades of a *Salvator Rosa*, too much a lover of truth, and too independent, and too much absorbed by the greatness of his subject, to either cater for the smiles or deprecate the judgments of those whose portrait he was to draw and hold up to their view. This is no holiday discourse, but an earnest, solemn appeal to the people of the whole country, in behalf of their free institutions, which, unless soon placed upon a better foundation than they now rest upon, viz. upon intelligence and virtue, his prophetic eye beholds them crumbled and fallen into the irretrievable ruin, prepared for them by the suicidal neglect and abuse of us of the present generation. All that he says is true and obviously true; he plays with no paradoxes, he utters no dark sayings, toys with no metaphysical abstractions; he deals all through with the simplest and plainest, almost self-evident, propositions; he urges nothing more than the admitted doctrine, that except republics stand upon virtue and intelligence, they cannot stand at all. But the special advantage of his discourse is, that he sets forth his doctrine in such glowing colors, with such power of argument and fulness of illustration, with so evident a conviction on his own part of the truth and importance of what he says, as to compel the attention of the most dull, to take the mind of the hearer or reader by storm. The same rapid and fiery style, crowded with images, yet always significant, not always, perhaps, approving itself to the fastidious critic, but always to him who sets truth before rhetoric, which Mr. Mann has used with such success in his addresses on common school education, giving the interest of romance to that once heaviest of themes, he has now carried into the morals of our politics; and we cannot doubt that wherever this oration shall be read, the reader will rise from its perusal a new man, in the deep and living impression he will have of the absolute dependence of our governments upon intelligence and virtue in the masses of the people, of the absolute certainty of their subversion, and that at no distant day, if dishonesty, corruption, and selfish party principle is either to sit at the helm of affairs and guide the state, or to prompt the action of those, who, through their votes at the ballot box, annually say who the helmsmen shall be. We consider this oration, we repeat it, a more valuable document for the people to know, and read, and ponder, and apply, than any or all the speeches made in Congress for the last twenty years. Had we

the power, as the will, not a family in the country should be without its copy, — the teacher of the common school should read and expound it to his pupils; the minister of religion should intermit his usual service, and proclaim it to his people from the pulpit; towns should print or purchase it for free distribution within their boundaries, every newspaper carry an edition of it to its hundreds or thousands of subscribers, and committees of public safety scatter it over the length and breadth of the land. It is simply, and in a single word, a demonstrative argument for the *immediate universal education of the people* — if we would see our country survive. This is the great cause — the cause of causes — it is greater than temperance, greater than peace, greater than abolitionism — separately or all together. It comprises them all; carry this, and they are all carried. But carry all the others, and as many more, but leave this out, and while you are working at them, your eyes looking at a single little point, and blind to all else, the country itself, with its institutions, perishes through its corruptions, falls, and buries you in its ruins. *The immediate universal education of the people*, not twenty years hence, but their education now, while our population is so sparse, and there are so many natural safety-valves open, that there is time and opportunity for the work to be done — this is the cause that should unite all hearts and hands, towns, counties, and states, and above all, or certainly equally with all, the Central Government itself.

Strange indeed that a great empire like this should, as an empire, never stir a finger to strengthen the foundation on which it rests. Despotic powers are in their generation wiser than the children of light. What they know they depend upon for their existence, that they take care, first of all, to secure, — armies and navies are their prime concern. In some instances such governments have not only secured the establishment of their huge standing armies, but have even begun, so highly have they prized the good, to educate the people, even at the hazard of their own existence, for with intelligence will ever spring up a nicer appreciation of, and craving for freedom. But we, to whom this intelligence is the very breath of our life, not only our honor and our beauty, but our political salvation, we, as a nation, as a government, spend upon it not a dollar, nor hardly a thought. This seems strange even to madness. It might not be easy to say, in what manner the nation should exert itself and use its boundless means in such a cause, but it is impossible not to think that it should, at least, make such a subject a topic of concern and of discussion — to know what its duty is, and how it may best be done.

We have, in few words, expressed our admiration of this discourse of Mr. Mann, and our sense of its value to the people. It has already passed through many editions; we think it is destined to pass through many more. We are late in expressing our opinion concerning it; but we yield to none in our sense of its excellence and fitness to make an impression upon the moral feelings of the people. If such appeals will not be listened to or noted, there can be no hope in any word of man. The present signs are that it will be read at least; whether heeded or not time must show.

We have space but for a single extract — the peroration.

"Are there any here, who would counsel us to save the people from themselves, by wresting from their hands this formidable right of ballot? Better for the man who would propose this remedy to an infuriate multitude, that he should stand in the lightning's path as it descends from heaven to earth. And, answer me this question; you! who would reconquer for the few the power which has been won by the many; — you! who would disfranchise the common mass of mankind, and recondemn them to become Helots, and bond-men, and feudal serfs! — tell me, were they again in the power of your castes, would you not again neglect them, again oppress them, again make them the slaves to your voluptuousness, and the panders or the victims of your vices? Tell me, you royalists and hierarchs, or advocates of royalty and hierarchy! were the poor and the ignorant again in your power, to be tasked and tithed at your pleasure, would you not turn another Ireland into paupers, and colonize another Botany Bay with criminals? Would you not brutify the men of other provinces into the '*Dogs of Vendee*,' and debase the noble and refined nature of woman, in other cities, into the '*Poissardes of Paris*?' O! better, far better, that the atheist and the blasphemer, and he who, since the last setting sun, has dyed his hands in parricide, or his soul in sacrilege, should challenge equal political power with the wisest and best; — better, that these blind Samsons, in the wantonness of their gigantic strength, should tear down the pillars of the Republic, than that the great lesson which Heaven, for six thousand years, has been teaching to the world, should be lost upon it; — the lesson that the intellectual and moral nature of man is the one thing precious in the sight of God; and therefore, until this nature is cultivated, and enlightened, and purified, neither opulence, nor power, nor learning, nor genius, nor domestic sanctity, nor the holiness of God's altars, can ever be safe. Until the immortal and godlike capacities of every being that comes into the world are deemed more worthy, are watched more tenderly, than any other thing, no dynasty of men, or form of government, can stand, or shall stand, upon the face of the earth; and the force or the fraud, which would seek to uphold them, shall be but 'as fetters of flax to bind the flame.'

"In all that company of felons and caitiffs, who prowl over the land, is there one man, who did not bring with him into life, the divine germ of conscience, a sensibility to right, and capacities which might have been nurtured and trained into the fear of God, and the love of man? In all this company of ignorance, which, in its insane surgery, dissects eye and brain and heart, and maims every limb of the body politic,



to find the disease, which honestly, though blindly, it wishes to cure; — in all this company, is there one, who did not bring with him into life noble faculties of thought — capabilities of judgment, and prudence, and skill that might have been cultivated into a knowledge, an appreciation, and a wise and loving guardianship, of all human interests and human rights? The wickedness and blindness of the subject are the judgments of heaven for the neglect of the sovereign; — for, to this end, and to no other, was superiority given to a few, and the souls of all men preadapted to pay spontaneous homage to strength and talent and exalted station, that, through the benignant and attractive influence of their possessors, the whole race might be won to wisdom and virtue.

“Let those, then, whose wealth is lost or jeopardied by fraud or misgovernment; let those who quake with apprehension for the fate of all they hold dear; let those who behold and lament the desecration of all that is holy; let rulers whose counsels are perplexed, whose plans are baffled, whose laws defied or evaded; — let them all know, that whatever ills they feel or fear, are but the just retributions of a righteous heaven for neglected childhood.

“Remember, then, the child whose voice first lisps to-day, before that voice shall whisper sedition in secret, or thunder treason at the head of an armed band. Remember the child whose hand, to-day, first lifts its tiny bauble, before that hand shall scatter firebrands, arrows, and death. Remember those sportive groups of youth in whose halcyon bosoms there sleeps an ocean, as yet scarcely ruffled by the passions, which soon shall heave it as with the tempest's strength. Remember, that whatever station in life you may fill, these mortals — these immortals, are your care. Devote, expend, consecrate yourselves to the holy work of their improvement. Pour out light and truth, as God pours sunshine and rain. No longer seek knowledge as the luxury of a few, but dispense it amongst all as the bread of life. Learn only how the ignorant may learn; how the innocent may be preserved; the vicious reclaimed. Call down the astronomer from the skies; call up the geologist from his subterranean explorations; summon, if need be, the mightiest intellects from the Council Chamber of the nation; enter cloistered halls, where the scholiast muses over superfluous annotations; dissolve conclave and synod, where subtle polemics are vainly discussing their barren dogmas; — collect whatever of talent, or erudition, or eloquence, or authority, the broad land can supply, *and go forth, AND TEACH THIS PEOPLE.* For, in the name of the living God, it must be proclaimed, that licentiousness shall be the liberty; and violence and chicanery shall be the law; and superstition and craft shall be the religion; and the self-destructive indulgence of all sensual and unhallowed passions shall be the only happiness of that people, who neglect the education of their children.” — pp. 23, 24.

*Half Century Sermon, delivered on Sunday Morning, April 24, 1842, at Jamaica Plain.* By THOMAS GRAY, D. D. Minister of the Congregational Church there. Boston: 1842.

SUCH ministries as this of Dr. Gray are nowadays rare enough. In proportion to their rarity they strike the mind and excite our ready sympathies. We cannot help offering our



congratulations to both a pastor and a parish, who have remained in faithful, harmonious union for so long a period. Most honorable testimony is borne by this simple fact to the character of both. There must have been many of the best virtues of the Christian character in their best exercise, on the part of both minister and people, for a connexion involving so many chances of alienation and discord, to have lasted so peaceably through so many years. The quiet beauty of this protracted Christian friendship agrees with the quiet beauty of the lovely spot, that has been the scene of its duties and enjoyments. We utter a common sentiment when we express a hope that the present venerable incumbent — by so sudden a providence deprived, a few months since, of his colleague — may again be associated with one, who shall have the happiness to bind to himself the hearts of a united people in a bond not soon to be broken.

The present discourse is chiefly historical in its interest, the greater part being devoted to a narrative of events from the first formation of the society — a sketch of great value to the antiquarian and the historian. The preacher, however, in addition to this describes at length the kind of intercourse, which for so many years has subsisted between him and his people, and the character of the preaching to which they have listened; presenting to the reader one of the most agreeable pictures we know of, the life and labors of the village pastor.

Dr. Gray's description of the manners prevailing at the time he took up his residence at Jamaica Plain possesses a very pleasant interest.

"What traces of change in society, likewise, have the past fifty years left behind them!

"When I first came amongst you, this was a quiet, retired, moral little village, and there was not a single allurements, either to physical, moral, or religious intemperance or excess to be found within its limits. The simplicity of manners, too, reminds me of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, —

'Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and *virtue* cheered the laboring train.'

"Fashionable manners, in all their endless forms and fickleness, were unknown here then. The good dames' visits were made at an early hour in the afternoon, (sometimes by two o'clock,) each with her 'knitting work' still going on, while engaged in social converse; and at dusk rolling up their work, and returning home, refreshed from their social intercourse, to their domestic enjoyments and duties, which they wisely and justly considered as paramount to all others. *Their* firesides never tired them, nor did they wish or want any other winter evenings' entertainments, than they found around their own happy

hearths. Sweet homes, indeed! filled with well behaved, rosy, industrious boys, and lively, healthy, blooming girls, as full of godly sincerity as they were of godly simplicity, all of whom more than supplied the want of any other amusement. There was godliness with contentment, which is great gain; and there was more, too, of true happiness in those humble dwellings, than all the modern refinement of art, of wealth, or fashion combined, can now boast, or ever impart. Sweet days, indeed, in the recollection as they were in the enjoyment! But these happy hours must return no more. They are numbered with the years before the flood.

'These were thy charms, sweet village, joys like these,  
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;  
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,  
These were thy charms, but all these charms are fled.'

The character of Dr. Gray's preaching and of his general ministrations may be readily inferred from the principles affirmed in the following paragraph.

"The design of true religion is to repress the *passions*, not to excite them; for excited passions are by thousands often mistaken for solid *principles*, and mere *animal* impulse for sacred *truth*; and under their blinding and bewildering influence you find men setting up for teachers where they ought only to be learners. And it requires no prophetic eye to see, and no prophetic tongue to foretell, that everything in science, or religion, or politics, carried to excess, must ere long produce reaction, and finally give way to the very opposite extreme; and then the marble insensibility of death succeeds. Whatever is got up in excess, (be it what it may,) reason and common sense, whenever they return, will finally put down. Mere animal excitement in everything must soon exhaust itself; and, if there be not strong principle behind it, the end will be worse than the beginning. These are truths which every observing man must often have witnessed; and when you who are now young shall see these things come to pass, as you all certainly sooner or later will, then will you understand 'that a prophet has been among you.'

"We serve God as truly in the virtues of a good life, — in correct morals, exemplary manners, and honest, honorable, upright conduct in our transactions with our fellow-men, as when we bow in God's temple. Fidelity to our trusts, and punctuality in our engagements, industry in our business, from motives of Christian faith and obedience, domestic economy, an old-fashioned virtue, indeed, (but not the less valuable for that,) the punctual discharge of our *DEBTS*, and guarding men from the miseries and delusions of wild fanaticism, and teaching them a *truly* Christian rational faith, and a holy practice, these are genuine religion. And whoever would separate these duties, would sever in sunder what God and Christ, reason and virtue, have joined together. He lives most in accordance with his immortal destination, and is after all the best Christian, who has proved himself the most virtuous man; who lives the best life of piety to God, and of truth, and justice, and honesty to men."